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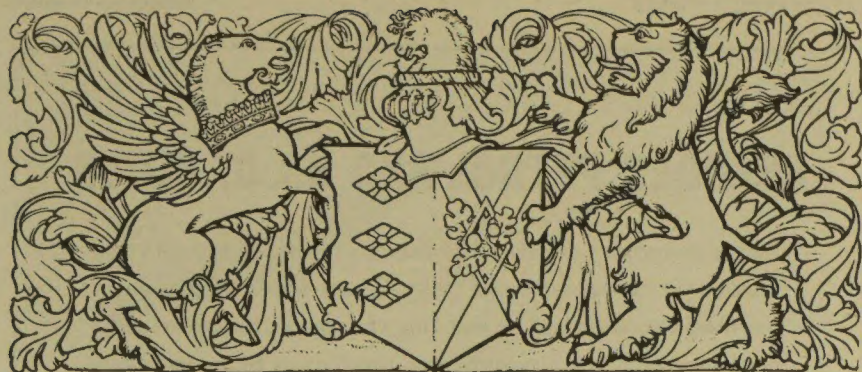
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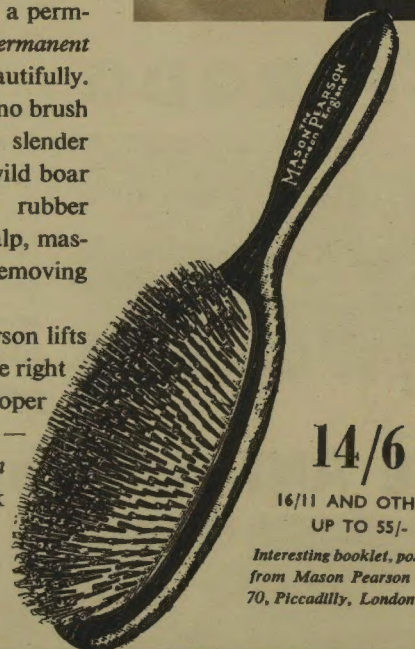
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SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1953.



**THE DEATH OF MARSHAL JOSEPH STALIN, VIRTUAL DICTATOR OF RUSSIA FOR 29 YEARS: A RECENT CAMERA PORTRAIT OF THE "MAN OF STEEL" WHOSE PASSING LEAVES A VACUUM WITH EFFECTS OF WORLD-WIDE SIGNIFICANCE.**

At 1.7 a.m. on March 6 Moscow radio announced: "Joseph Stalin is dead," and stated that the end had come at 9.50 p.m. (Moscow time). The first news of the cerebral hæmorrhage which Marshal Stalin had at the Kremlin on the night of March 1 was given in a Moscow radio broadcast at 5 a.m. on March 3, when it was stated: "In the night of March 1-2 while in his Moscow apartment Comrade Stalin suffered from a cerebral hæmorrhage affecting vital areas of the brain. Comrade Stalin lost consciousness and paralysis of the right arm

and leg set in. Loss of speech followed. There appeared serious disturbances in the functioning of the heart and breathing." Further medical bulletins were issued, remarkable for the amount of detail given. Marshal Stalin was born at Gori, in Georgia, on December 21, 1879, his real name being Joseph Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili. He had been virtual Dictator of Russia for twenty-nine years and last year became chairman of the Præsidium of the Central Committee.





(LEFT) IN 1918: JOSEPH STALIN AT A TIME WHEN HE WAS ACTING AS POLITICAL SUPERVISOR OF VOROSHILOV AT TSMIRNYN (NOW STALINGRAD).



(RIGHT) IN 1922: JOSEPH STALIN WITH LENIN, THE FOUNDER OF THE U.S.S.R., AT THE LATTER'S COUNTRY HOUSE AT GORKY.

## THE DEATH OF MARSHAL STALIN: INCIDENTS IN HIS LIFE AS REVOLUTIONARY AND DICTATOR OF RUSSIA.



IN AUGUST 1942: MARSHAL STALIN WITH HARRIMAN, REPRESENTATIVE OF THE U.S. DISCUSSED ALLIED



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AND MR. AVERELL, PRESIDENT, IN MOSCOW, WHEN THEY MILITARY OPERATIONS.



(LEFT) AT THE YALTA CONFERENCE, JULY 17-AUGUST 2, 1945 (FROM L. TO R.) MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, PRESIDENT TRUMAN AND MARSHAL STALIN. MR. ATTLEE BECAME BRITISH PRIME MINISTER DURING THE CONFERENCE.



(RIGHT) THE "MAN OF STEEL" WHO TOOK OVER LENIN'S ENTIRE HERITAGE AND, AS SUPREME COMMANDER, LED RUSSIA THROUGH WORLD WAR II: MARSHAL STALIN.



IN FEBRUARY 1945: MARSHAL STALIN (RIGHT) WITH MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AND THE LATE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT THE YALTA CONFERENCE ON THE CRIMEAN COAST OF THE BLACK SEA.



THE TEHRAN CONFERENCE, NOVEMBER 28-DECEMBER 1, CELEBRATE MR. CHURCHILL'S SIXTY-NINTH



1945: MARSHAL STALIN (RIGHT) AT A DINNER TO BIRTHDAY, WITH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT (LEFT).



AFTER THE FINAL MEETING OF THE POTSDAM CONFERENCE: MR. ATTLEE, THE NEW BRITISH PRIME MINISTER, PRESIDENT TRUMAN AND MARSHAL STALIN, WITH THEIR ADVISERS.



THE SIGNING OF THE RUSSO-GERMAN NON-AGGRESSION PACT IN MOSCOW, AUGUST 23, 1939: (L. TO R.) HERR VON RIBBENTROP, MARSHAL STALIN, AND M. MOLOTOV (RIGHT).

The death of Marshal Stalin, who, on the death of Lenin in 1924, began gradually to gather into his own hands the heritage that the founder of Soviet Russia had left, must inevitably have far-reaching effects. Following the radio announcement on March 6, it was stated that Marshal Stalin would lie in state in the Hall of Columns of the Trade Union House near the Kremlin, and that he would probably be buried near Lenin in the mausoleum in the Red Square. Marshal Stalin was educated at a church school in Gori, Georgia, and was recommended for a scholarship at the seminary in Tiflis in 1894. His Socialist activities, however, led to his expulsion in 1899 and, until March 1901, he was employed as a



ADDRESSING THE SUPREME COUNCIL OF THE SOVIET UNION SHORTLY

clerk in the observatory in Tiflis. In November of that year he went to Batumi, where he established an illegal printing press and created an organization which led to his arrest in 1902 as a dangerous agitator. He escaped from exile in Siberia and returned to Tiflis, where he allied himself to Lenin and the Bolsheviks. In 1912-13 Stalin spent some months with Lenin in Czarow, and visited Vienna, but on his return to Russia was imprisoned and exiled for the sixth time. He was appointed People's Commissar for Nationalities in October 1917 and a year later played an active part in drafting the constitution of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic. He also played an active part with Voroshilov in the civil war, and in March 1922 was appointed Secretary-General



BEFORE THE INVASION OF RUSSIA: MARSHAL JOSEPH STALIN (CENTRE).

of the Party. In 1924 Lenin died, having suffered two strokes, in 1922 and 1923, and Stalin took up the reins with but one opponent in the field, Trotsky. In 1926 Stalin manoeuvred the Party and the Comintern to condemn Trotskyites and Zinovievites, and Trotsky, Zinoviev and Kamenev were expelled from the party. In 1929 Trotsky was expelled from Russia. In 1928 Stalin launched the first Five Year Plan and in the 'thirties finally liquidated any possible opposition to himself by instituting a series of trials of prominent Bolsheviks, who were condemned and shot for self-confessed treason. In 1939 Marshal Stalin signed a non-aggression pact with Germany, and in April 1941 assured himself of Japanese neutrality in the event of war with Germany. Two months later the Germans invaded the



WITH HIS THIRD WIFE, ROSA KAGANOVICH, THE SISTER OF LAZAR KAGANOVICH, A MEMBER OF THE POLITBURO: MARSHAL STALIN, A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1939.

Soviet Union and a year later Stalin had become supreme commander of the Soviet armed forces. He brought him into close contact with the Western Powers whose aid he did not hesitate to accept, and he had meetings with Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt and at Potsdam with President Truman and Mr. Attlee, who had replaced Mr. Churchill. With peace came the liquidation of many peoples to the Communist yoke, the "cold war" and the Korean War. Last year the first Congress of the Russian Communist Party since 1929 was held in Moscow, and the Politburo and Orgburo were welded into a single organisation, the Presidium of the Central Committee, of which Marshal Stalin became chairman.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I SUPPOSE if anyone on the Continent in the summer of 1940 had been asked to name certain things which the British would obviously never be able to do, he would have included among them defeating the Luftwaffe and producing the best Russian ballet in the world outside Moscow. The odds at the time against their doing either seemed so enormous: against beating the Luftwaffe, because the British were alone, and hopelessly outnumbered, and apparently unprepared; and against excelling in the ballet because, of all the arts man has devised, the Russian ballet seemed the most alien to the nature and capacity of the stolid British people. Indeed, I recall an evening in the August of 1940 when I went to see an English ballet company in North London in the middle of a series of air-raid alarms. It was just before the third stage of the Battle of Britain began, with its attacks on London proper; it was the evening of a particularly melodramatic raid on the airfield at Croydon. Indeed, the sirens were so insistent that at one moment I thought I should never be able to find a taxi to Sadler's Wells. And when I got there—though being an Englishman and, therefore, mad, I fully expected my countrymen to win the Battle of Britain—it certainly never occurred to me that in a few years' time the painstaking but rather provincial-looking company before me was going to take the international ballet world of Western Europe and America by storm. I cannot remember who was dancing that night, but in the light of Danilova's and Massine's supreme artistry at Covent Garden a few years before, it seemed a modest enough performance: as modest, no doubt, as the size of the R.A.F. seemed to Goering. But Goering and I were both wrong. Not only was the R.A.F., through hardships, to reach the stars, but so, in its own way, was the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company.

For in an age little distinguished—outside that of arms—for British achievement, what a wonderful performance this Company's has been! We may have let go the naval trident of centuries; have lost the Indian Army, and with it the guardianship of the far shores of the Indian Ocean; have suffered the eclipse of our ancient primacy in industrial craftsmanship and finance; have allowed our heritage of aristocratic domestic architecture to moulder away and the artistic treasures it housed to be dispersed. But while we have done—or left undone—these things, a little company of English dancers, under a great director, with little money, no national tradition of ballet, and in the midst of a disintegrating war and social revolution, has transformed itself, through sheer hard work, indomitable faith and a passionate love of a beautiful and exotic art, into a *corps d'élite* as flawless in its mastery of its technique as the Brigade of Guards or the National Lifeboat Service. For a nation that regards itself, and is regarded as inelegant and inartistic, that seems a remarkable feat.

Because of a tiresome sinus infection that makes a visit to the theatre something of an ordeal, I did not witness the stages of this remarkable transition. I saw the young Company before and at the beginning of the war, when it was still to major Russian ballet what a provincial regatta is—or was—to Cowes Week, and, when the war was over, I read of its dazzling triumphs in America and elsewhere. But it was not till last year that I first saw it perform again. Then I witnessed, with astonishment and delight, a performance by the Company of "The Sleeping Beauty." None of its major stars happened to be dancing that night, and I cannot claim that I saw any individual performance to compare with the great Russian dancers of the middle 'thirties or of the years immediately after the first war: the greatest of all—those who danced only before the first war—I am too young to have seen. But the precision and finish of the *corps de ballet* and the exquisite baroque of the dresses and *décors* were a revelation; it was wonderful, I felt, that this unassuming London company should have made such an advance in so few, and such difficult, years. If everyone in the country had put half as much into their work as these gallant artists, I found myself thinking, England, in spite of all her difficulties, would be on top of the world. A few nights ago I saw another performance of the same ballet, and was confirmed in my first impression. But I witnessed something more. I saw an artist whose interpretation of her art seemed to me as original and indigenous to our country and its ancient and highly

individual tradition of culture, as anything I have ever seen. It would be a mistake in criticism, I feel, to compare Moira Shearer's dancing with that of the great classical Russian ballerinas; with Danilova, say, dancing *La Boutique* in 1935—a vision of floating loveliness and tenderness that will remain with me to my dying day. But from the moment this young British dancer appeared on the stage I was aware that I was watching something to me quite novel: an interpretation which was not that of any other dancer I have seen, and which was as native to this country as the art of Nijinsky to Russia: as native, shall we say, as "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or the spire of Salisbury Cathedral set among the downs and Wiltshire water-meadows. It was not at all what I had expected to see or what the Press had made me anticipate. Nor was it the dancer's beauty that caught me to catch my breath, rare and exquisite though that was, nor the china-like fragility that some of the critics of ballet seem to see in her dancing; and which, applied to her performance, would appear

"A PRINCESS NOT OF BIRTH BUT OF ART."



MISS MOIRA SHEARER, GREAT BRITISH BALLERINA, IN "SWAN LAKE."

Miss Moira Shearer, who is a guest artist at the current Sadler's Wells Ballet season at Covent Garden, was born in 1926; joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet in 1942, and in 1948 created the rôle of "Cinderella." Her marriage to Mr. Ludovic Kennedy took place in 1950, and she recently returned to the stage after an absence of many months, and the birth of her child. She made her first reappearance at Covent Garden on February 7. Mr. Bryant, on this page, discusses the achievements of the Sadler's Wells Ballet and writes of Miss Shearer, as the Princess in "The Sleeping Beauty": "I saw an artist whose interpretation of her art seemed to me as original and indigenous to our country . . . as anything I have ever seen. . ."

increase nor diminution, nor any other change." For a moment, watching, one caught a glimpse of that vision on the huge, crowded, yet suddenly empty stage. It was like the Lady singing in Milton's "Comus," her notes floating

"upon the wings  
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night  
At every fall smoothing the raven down  
Of darkness till it smil'd."

We, in the tense, packed theatre were watching a princess, born of all the poetry of her native land; a princess not of birth, but of art. The will behind that delicate, poised form was that of the Bruce; or Burns rising from poverty and the plough to sway the hearts of men; of the grey, haunted streets of St. Andrew's; of Sir Walter's pen moving tirelessly through the night as he turned disaster and the resources of his genius to inconceivable triumph. Behind that bird-like, quivering beauty lay courage and character: the courage and history and character of the dancer's ancient, romantic land. It may have been imagination that made me see this in a Scottish girl dancing the part of a Russian princess in a fairy-tale ballet of imperial St. Petersburg. But imagination is the quality through which an artist operates, and imagination is only awoken by imagination. For the drab, down-at-heels, war-battered Britain of the Welfare State and the Fabians' fly-blown dream to have produced this exquisite artist of native steel and gossamer seems to be something in the nature of a miracle: like a rainbow coming out of a dark cloud.





THE LURE OF THE DREAM GIRL: THE YOUTH (PHILIP CHATFIELD) STANDING WITH THE YOUNG GIRL (ROSEMARY LINDSAY) AND HER FRIENDS (RIGHT) IS GAZING AT HIS ROMANTIC LOVE (SVETLANA BERIOSOVA; LEFT), FROM WHOM HE IS DIVIDED BY THE SHADOW (BRYAN ASHBRIDGE).



IN PURSUIT OF HIS ROMANTIC LOVE (SVETLANA BERIOSOVA), FROM WHOM THE SHADOW (BRYAN ASHBRIDGE) DIVIDES HIM: THE YOUTH (PHILIP CHATFIELD). HAVING FORSAKEN HIS REAL-LIFE LOVE AND HER FRIENDS, THE YOUTH IS ABLE TO OVERCOME THE SHADOW.

SADLER'S WELLS COMPANY IN CRANKO'S NEW BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN: "THE SHADOW," TO DOHNÁNYI MUSIC.

John Cranko's new ballet, "The Shadow," was presented at Covent Garden Opera House on March 3 by the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and forms a delightful addition to their *répertoire*. It is set to Dohnányi's Suite in F, which consists of a large set of symphonic variations; and has scenery and costumes by John Piper, who has, for the occasion, modified his usual stormy atmosphere, and the whole ballet is a graceful and youthful production. The scenario presents a Young Man's choice between Romantic and Real Life Love. He is attached

to a Young Girl, but his affections turn constantly to a Dream, from whom he is divided by a Shadow. Eventually he forsakes the world of reality, and pursues his Romantic Love so ardently that he succeeds in striking down the Shadow; and finds that his Dream has become a living Reality. The music is a happy selection, and it enables Mr. Cranko to bring on a small Corps de Ballet who dance pastoral numbers; and successfully to differentiate between the characters of the two girls. [Photographs by Denis de Marney.]



# THE R.A. CORONATION EXHIBITION OF ROYAL PORTRAITS: QUEENS REGNANT AND QUEENS CONSORT OF THIS REALM.



"ELIZABETH I. AT BLACKFRIARS"; ATTRIBUTED TO MARC GHEERAERTS (c. 1530-c. 1590), A SPLENDID PROCESSIONAL PORTRAIT OF A GREAT QUEEN REGNANT. (Canvas; 52 by 75 ins.) (Lent by Mr. Simon Wingfield Digby.)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY is marking Coronation Year by an interesting and important Exhibition of Royal Portraits, which was due to open in the Diploma Gallery, Burlington House, on March 12, and is to continue until the middle of the summer. Representations of members of our Royal line, from mediæval times to the present day, have been assembled, and include paintings, sculptured effigies, water-colour drawings, and a particularly fine series of miniatures. Many of the exhibits have been graciously lent by her Majesty from the Royal collections, and many private owners and public bodies have co-operated by allowing their treasures to be included. In the foreword to the catalogue it is pointed out that Royal portraits in the past possessed not only a domestic interest but had political importance, for an exchange of portraits was often a prelude to a marriage treaty. Thus the aspect of the Royal personages concerned obviously played a part in the negotiations. The foreword to the catalogue also notes that: "Artists and art lovers alike have reason to be grateful to our sovereigns and their consorts; they have been catholic in their patronage, generous of their time for sittings and liberal in lending their finest family portraits as well as their other possessions for public exhibition." On this page we reproduce

*(Continued below, centre.)*



"MARY I."; BY HANS EWORTH (1540-1573), AN UNHAPPY QUEEN REGNANT, DAUGHTER OF HENRY VIII. AND CATHERINE OF ARAGON. (Panel; 43 by 31½ ins.) (Lent by the Society of Antiquaries.)



"ANNE OF DENMARK"; BY PAUL VAN SOMER (c. 1576-1622), A PORTRAIT OF THE CONSORT OF JAMES I. (Canvas; 93½ by 51 ins.) (Lent by the Duke of Grafton.)

*(Continued.)*

portraits of two of our Queens regnant, and of four Queens consort, on view. Elizabeth Woodville, as a poor widow, made suit to Edward IV. for restoration of her lands; and her beauty was such that he made her his Queen; Catherine of Aragon, proud daughter of His Most Catholic Majesty of Spain, was divorced by Henry VIII. with far-reaching results. Her daughter, Mary I., had a tragic personal life and a difficult reign, while Elizabeth I., the half-sister who succeeded her, was one of the greatest of our sovereigns. Anne of Cleves failed to please Henry VIII., and was divorced as soon as married; and Anne of Denmark, blonde consort of James I., was passionately interested in rich dress and extremely fond of small dogs.



"CATHERINE OF ARAGON"; BY J. CORVUS (1512-1544). FIRST WIFE OF HENRY VIII. (Panel; 37 by 29½ ins.) (Lent by Captain E. G. S. Churchill.)



"LADY ELIZABETH WOODVILLE"; ATT. TO JOHN SIRAFORD OR JOHN SEARL. THE CONSORT OF EDWARD IV. (Panel; 22 by 16½ ins.) (Lent by Queens' College, Cambridge.)



"ANNE OF CLEVES." ARTIST UNKNOWN. THE FOURTH WIFE OF HENRY VIII. SHE WAS MARRIED AND DIVORCED IN 1540. (Panel; 23 by 21½ ins.) (Lent by St. John's College, Oxford.)



# "VISIBLE HISTORY" AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: FOUR STUART PORTRAITS.



"CHARLES I. AT HIS TRIAL"; BY EDWARD BOWER (d. AFTER JANUARY 9, 1666/7).  
THE ARTIST WAS PRESENT IN COURT AND MADE SKETCHES THERE.  
(Canvas; 51½ by 38½ ins.) (Graciously lent by H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.)



"HENRIETTA MARIA" IN OLD AGE. FRENCH SCHOOL. THIS PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I.'S  
QUEEN WAS PROBABLY PAINTED IN FRANCE.  
(Canvas; 35½ by 29½ ins.) (Lent by Major J. G. Morrison, M.P.)



"CHARLES II. AS PRINCE OF WALES"; BY WILLIAM DOBSON (1611-1646), WHO WAS  
INTRODUCED TO CHARLES I. BY VAN DYCK.  
(Canvas; 48½ by 39 ins.) (Lent to the Exhibition of Royal Portraits by Cornelia, Countess of Craven.)



"CHARLES II. AS A YOUNG MAN"; ATTRIBUTED TO PHILIPPE DE CHAMPAIGNE (1602-1674).  
PAINTED IN PARIS, PROBABLY ON HIS SECOND VISIT THERE IN 1659.  
(Canvas; 50½ by 39½ ins.) (Lent by the Duke of Grafton.)

In the introduction to the catalogue of the Exhibition of Royal Portraits at the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, Burlington House, the display is referred to as "visible history," which indicates the human interest of the exhibits apart from their importance as works of art. On this page we reproduce four Stuart portraits on view. That of King Charles I. at his trial was painted by Edward Bower, from sketches which he made in Court. The

portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria, consort of Charles I., was probably painted in France, where she lived between the execution of her husband and the Restoration; and again from 1665 until her death in 1669. Dobson's portrait of Charles II. at the age of fourteen forms an interesting comparison with that attributed to Philippe de Champaigne, showing him as a young man. The latter probably dates from 1659, when Charles visited France for the second time.



# QUEEN REGNANT AND CONSORT OF A KING.

"MARY II.: QUEEN OF ENGLAND"; By HESTER W. CHAPMAN.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

IN that enchanting play, "1666 and All That" (which I wished could have been revived during the war, so that we might have explained ourselves to the Allies in our midst), William and Mary shuffled briefly across the stage, conjoined back to back, like Siamese twins. That probably did represent the vague conception of these monarchs formed by most people in their schooldays—after which, for most people, the acquisition of historical knowledge abruptly ceases. But there was an element of "the higher criticism" in it also. For they sat side by side on the throne. Philip of Spain had been titular King during Mary I.'s reign; but in fact he had been Consort; he saw little of England, and saw as little of it as he could. Queen Anne's Consort, George of Denmark, was later to cut so insignificant a figure that it is difficult to remember that he lived for six years after his wife's accession. But William, when he was called over by a group of people, some of whom dreaded James's Catholicism and some of whom thought that England could be more suitably governed (as, later, it largely was) by a party of noble Whig kings than by one King, had no notion of playing second fiddle or, indeed (considering the characters of husband and wife), anything but first fiddle. He wanted to be, and was, King of England in order that the weight of English power should be thrown into the balance against his Continental enemies. When his wife died, he remained King of England; while they both lived, she timidly exercised Royal power only when he was out of the country. And as a person, she was entirely dependent on him; "she for God in him" as Milton put it of another pair. The result is that, though one could write a life of Queen Anne and barely mention the boorish spouse by whom she had so many sickly children, a distinct biography of Mary is impossible. Except for her girlhood she had little life of her own; her story is bound, in large part, to be the story of "William and Mary."

As that story progresses, Mrs. Chapman says, "the William and Mary of the history books, the heroic prig and the beautiful ninny, give place to a loving, suffering, disappointed husband and wife who never learned how to make one another happy and only now and then achieved understanding and peace of mind." The trouble is that the long-drawn account of an unsuccessful marriage between persons who respected each other's good qualities but were temperamentally incompatible and shared no major interests, cannot be made very exciting. She, who had filled her childish mind with plays and romances, and maintained an adoring correspondence with an older woman, was tearfully dragged into a marriage she did not want to "her father's and her country's enemy, the leader of those Dutch rogues and dissenters." She dutifully resigned herself, and then developed a passionate love for her husband, without understanding him at all, finding her reward in loving words which were few and far between—she would have been far happier wedded to a decent country gentleman with a garden, a library, some card-tables and some agreeable neighbouring ladies. He, who had said of marrying: "I know it is a thing to be done some time or other," did at least add "no circumstances of fortune or interest would engage me without [considering] those of the person, especially those of humour and disposition"—in other words, he wouldn't for reasons of policy have married just any princess. But there was never any intimacy in the marriage.

He was very reserved, in any event, and preoccupied with more momentous affairs than the happiness of a wife. His great-grandfather, a vivacious and voluble man who merely held his tongue on one notable occasion, derived from that the misnomer of "William the Silent." He had the two mottoes: "*Je maintiendrai*" and "*Sævis tranquillis in undis*" those two the younger warrior equally earned by his steadfastness, but the "silent" sobriquet he earned far more thoroughly. It is stated here that Charles II.'s courtiers, who were not unpractised in the art, once made him drunk; a similar lapse is recorded of Words-



MARY II. IN HER EARLY TWENTIES.

From a miniature in the possession of her Majesty Queen Juliana of the Netherlands.

miserable. Elizabeth was evidently far abler and more comprehending than Mary who, if not quite "a beautiful ninny" was a gentle, ordinary girl. "In her old age, Elizabeth Villiers became what we now call a character. Several accounts of her eccentricities, her intellectual power and her insolence are found in the records of the early eighteenth century. In his 'Journal to Stella' Swift speaks of her as 'the wisest woman I ever saw' and tells how he sat listening

to her talk for some six or seven hours at a stretch on several occasions. . . . Elizabeth began by being something more than an original and ended by becoming a little less than the power behind the throne. At the beginning of her relationship with William she transformed herself, either instinctively or through his desire, into a mystery, a veiled figure. There is no evidence as to when, exactly, she became his mistress: she had no children by him; their connection was

established sometime between 1678

and 1679; in his letters to Bentinck she is not mentioned." Probably the pair saw each other whenever there was occasion, and correspondence between them neither took place nor was necessary. Were there letters, we may feel pretty sure that there would be no emotional gush as there is in Mary's, and no pretty trivialities either. Swift's "wisest woman" probably gave advice to her taciturn warrior-statesman, and it may be guessed that the advice he would be likeliest to ask would be advice about England and Englishmen. He, the humourless Calvinist, was not built to understand them himself: how could reputedly serious people

be so airily frivolous on the surface?

One remark which Mrs. Chapman makes rather staggers me. "Mary sought her husband," says she, "and begged him, with tears, to promise that her father should come to no harm. William, who had no liking for martyrs, consented. If he had

been less politic and more merciless, the lives of those who were destined to suffer the bitter campaigns, the cruel sieges and the wild sea-battles of the 1690's would have been spared; if the Prince of Orange had found it expedient that one man should die for the people in the Revolution of 1688, the Jacobite cause would have been represented by an infant, and Killiecrankie, Steinkirk, La Hogue and Beachy Head would have had no place in the blood-stained pages of our history." I know that these "ifs" of history are difficult to discuss. But can Mrs. Chapman seriously believe that if William had killed his father-in-law, who was also his uncle, and Mary had been an accessory to parricide, there would not have been domestic and international convulsions far worse than those which actually took place? As things were, when Mary asked Archbishop Sancroft for his blessing, he told her to get her father's first, and she had to be crowned by the Bishop of London. As things were, William was so unpopular, and the new régime regarded as so precarious, that it did not take long before prominent supporters of William were in secret correspondence with James. As things were, there was sufficient Jacobite feeling in the country to alarm the Government even as late as the mismanaged insurrection of 1745. Is it to be supposed that if this Æschylean

"liquidation" had been arranged, Sancroft's friends would have been content to remain merely "non-jurors," or that Claverhouse would have said: "It's no good now, he's dead," and left his idle sword in its scabbard, or that the old detestation of the Dutch would not have flamed up; or that any foreign help would not have been welcomed by a resurgent English chivalry; or that even the less immoderate of William's own supporters would not have been shocked into hostility?

Mrs. Chapman says in her preface that her job was to exhibit the facts: "conjecture, hypothesis and theory may

then be left to the reader." She might well discard this hypothesis about human sacrifice in later editions. Later editions her book does deserve, because of the lucidity and interest of her general narrative; not because of the microscopic attention she has devoted to the words and tribulations, little hobbies and friendships, of a poor, hankering, devout young woman who would not have earned so much as a paragraph from any writer had she not become a Queen.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 416 of this issue.



MRS. HESTER W. CHAPMAN (MRS. R. L. GRIFFIN), THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mrs. Hester Chapman was born in 1899; her father was headmaster of Durnford Preparatory School, Dorset. She has been twice married, first to N. K. Chapman, and secondly to R. L. Griffin. After serving as a V.A.D. in France in 1918, she subsequently became a mannequin in Paris; later, a secretary in London; a telephone operator; typist; companion; daily governess and schoolmistress. Her novels include "To Be a King," "I Will Be Good," "Ever Thine." A biography entitled "Great Villiers," was published in 1949.



MISTRESS OF WILLIAM III.: ELIZABETH VILLIERS.

From a portrait by Kneller.



WILLIAM III.

From a painting by W. Wissing in the National Portrait Gallery.

Illustrations from the book "Mary II.: Queen of England"; by courtesy of the publisher, Jonathan Cape.

\* "Mary II.: Queen of England." By Hester W. Chapman. Illustrated. (Jonathan Cape; 25s.)



CORONATION MAIDS OF HONOUR.

TO BEAR THE QUEEN'S TRAIN.



LADY ROSEMARY SPENCER-CHURCHILL, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, AND A RELATIVE OF MR. CHURCHILL.



LADY ANNE VERONICA COKE, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF LEICESTER. LORD LEICESTER WAS AN EXTRA EQUERRY TO HIS LATE MAJESTY.



LADY MOYRA HAMILTON, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF HAMILTON, AND GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ABERCORN.



LADY JANE HEATHCOTE-DRUMMOND-WILLOUGHBY, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ANCASTER, AND A GRANDDAUGHTER OF NANCY, LADY ASTOR.



LADY MARY BAILLIE-HAMILTON, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON. LADY HADDINGTON IS CANADIAN BY BIRTH.

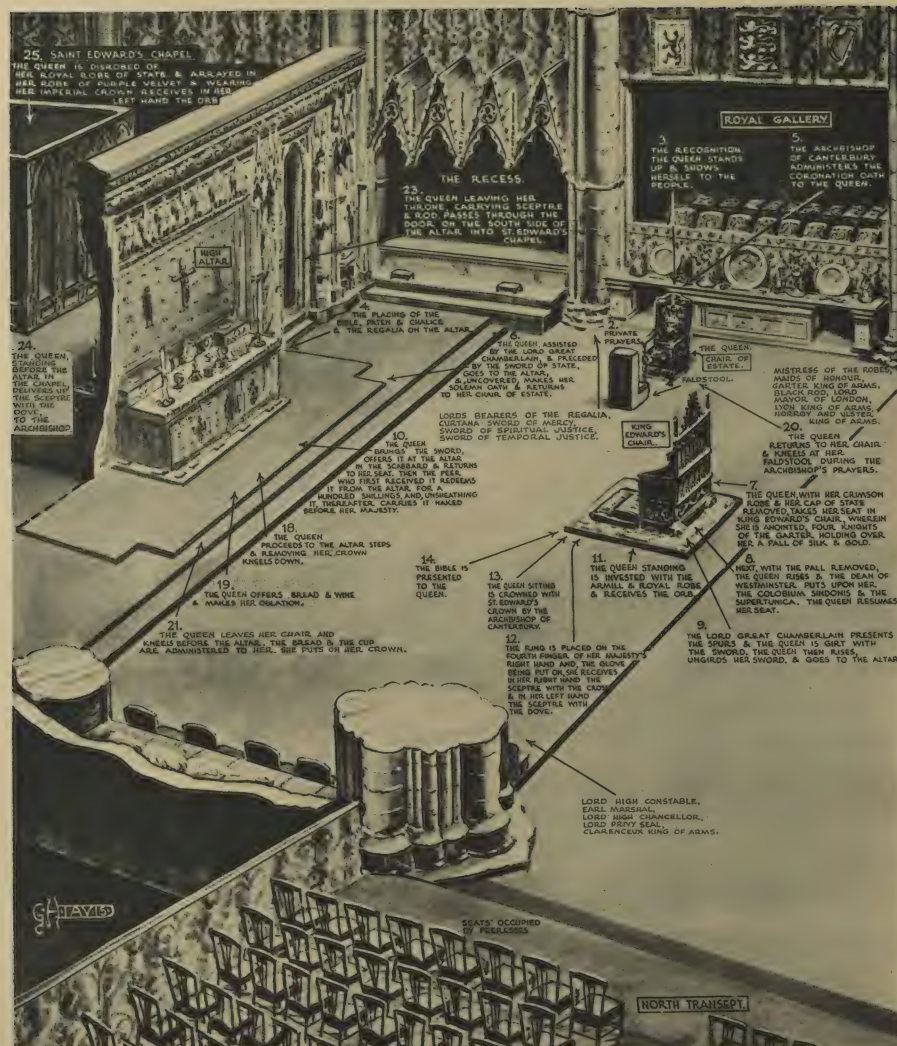


LADY JANE VANE-TEMPEST-STEWART, ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY, AND OF THE LATE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

Her Majesty the Queen has decided to follow the precedent of Queen Victoria at her Coronation, and be attended by six Maids of Honour instead of by Pages. The young girls selected for this duty are Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, born in 1929, youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough; Lady Anne Veronica Coke, born in 1932, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Leicester; Lady Moyra Hamilton, born in 1930, only daughter of the Marquess and

Marchioness of Hamilton; Lady Jane Willoughby, born in 1934, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ancaster; Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, born in 1934, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Haddington; and Lady Jane Vane-Tempest-Stewart, born in 1932, elder daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry. The Maids of Honour will bear the train of the Queen's purple robe. Mary Duchess of Devonshire, Mistress of the Robes, will walk behind them.

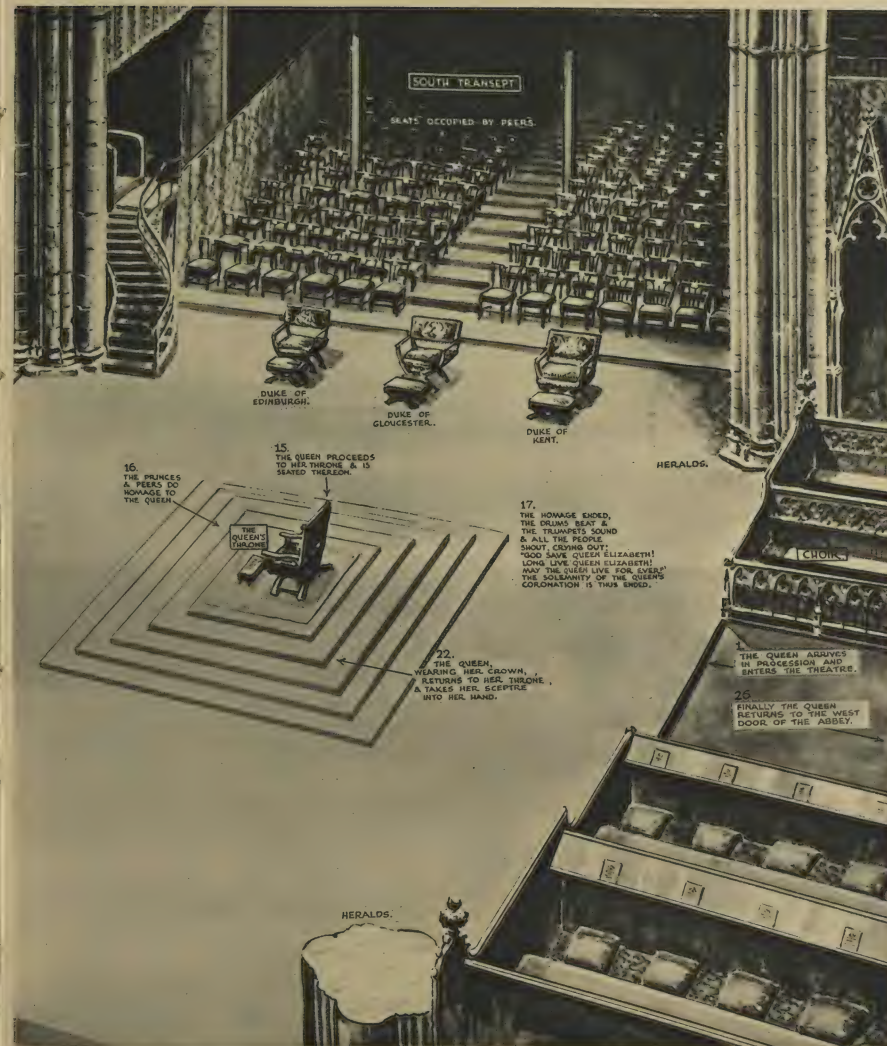




A PICTORIAL EXPLANATION OF THE CORONATION CEREMONY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: HER MAJESTY'S  
OF THE SERVICE, INDICATED BY NUMBERS, TOGETHER WITH BRIEF

By 6.30 a.m. on June 2—Coronation Day—the last of the guests to arrive at Westminster Abbey for the ceremony will have taken their seats, and the first of the carriage processions will arrive at the Altar at 8.45 a.m. The last of these carriage processions to the Abbey will be that of the Queen herself. Her Majesty will drive in the State Coach, and will be wearing her Parliament Robe of crimson velvet furled with ermine and a diadem on her head, while the Duke of Edinburgh, in the full-dress uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, will be seated on her left. Meanwhile the Procession to the Altar will have formed up under

the Earl Marshal's direction in the large assembly-room in the Annexe called the Vestibule, to await the Queen's arrival. Her Majesty will be received at the steps of the Annexe by the Earl Marshal, and at about 11.15 a.m. will be met by the Procession and, entering by the West Door of the Abbey, the trumpets sound a fanfare, will proceed in State through the Nave and the Choir to her Chair of Estate on the south side of the Theatre (as it is officially called) within the Abbey. The Service is expected to last from about 11.15 a.m. to 1.45 p.m., and the supreme moment of the Ceremony has been timed to come at about 12.30 p.m., when the



POSITION AND MOVEMENTS WITHIN THE THEATRE, FROM THE MOMENT OF ENTRY TO THE CLOSE DESCRIPTIONS OF THE SUCCESSIVE STAGES OF THE RITUAL.

Archbishop of Canterbury places St. Edward's Crown on the Queen's head. In this panoramic view of the Throne, in which parts of the building have been diagrammatically cut away, we show the position and movements of Her Majesty in the sequence of ceremonies (indicated in the drawing by numbers) and the approximate positions of some of the chief participants at the moment of crowning. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh will walk in the Procession into the Abbey and will then take his place with the other Royal Dukes in front of the seats occupied by the Peers in the South Transept. The Queen is to have Maids of Honour

instead of Pages to Queen her train when she walks within the Abbey, thus following the precedent of Queen Victoria's Coronation. These Maids of Honour have been appointed, and their photographs appear on page 393. After the Procession out of the Abbey the Queen will have a short rest, and luncheon in the Annexes, and then, arrayed in her Robe of Purple Velvet, wearing the Imperial State Crown and carrying the Sceptre and Orb, will re-enter the State Coach and, with the Duke of Edinburgh, leave at about 2.50 p.m. to join the procession to Buckingham Palace, where they are to appear on the balcony for the R.A.F. Fly Past.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



A FEW days ago I heard a chaffinch in song, and this morning I found celandines in flower. Those two events are to me most vivid and potent signs that spring has arrived.

If I looked at the calendar I would probably find that officially, and astronomically, spring is some weeks ahead. Who cares? I am content to remain hopelessly vague about official dates of that sort. I take more notice of actual and natural signs—that odd little downward chatter which is the earliest spring song of the chaffinch, the varnished gold of celandines in the orchard grass, or the appearance of pancakes and lemons at lunch. No need to look up quarter days. They announce their advent by means of their own special signs and manifestations. From the angler's point of view the calendar has been hopelessly hay-wire, ever since it altered itself, so that now the May fly seldom appears until June—or what the calendar says is June. The trouts, of course, know better.

At about this time, a year or two ago, I was lunching with a friend, a scientist, who, poor fellow, lives in London. On his chin was a gash, so savage, so almost suicidal-looking, that with caution I enquired about it. "Oh, that," he explained. "Well, you see, when I was shaving this morning I heard a chaffinch—the first. I was so excited that I cut myself."

After a long, vicious winter such as the one which we have just endured or suffered—to describe it as drunk and disorderly would be putting it mildly—the real spring flowers seem to come with a particularly frenzied rush. It is as though a long-pent-up urge were suddenly released. For long, dreary, bitter weeks the garden has remained utterly uninviting and practically unvisited. But then comes a day when the general beastliness seems to relent. The sun shines. But there is more to it than that. There is a break, a subtle change, and the real spring begins, with real spring flowers, insects, and bird-song. The snowdrops and the aconites were not, one realises, real spring but merely a very welcome interim dividend.

Almost the first to respond to the subtle spring change was *Iris histrioides major*. For weeks its strong, whitish shoots had remained, speared through the soil, waiting. Then, as though at a signal—maybe the chaffinches' chatter—they pushed up another three inches or so and opened their big, intensely blue flowers with rich, deeper blue tiger markings and golden beards. The slightest, more slender violet-coloured and violet-scented *Iris reticulata* opened a day or two after *I. histrioides*. At the same time came a few crocus species. *Crocus chrysanthus* in various named varieties, cream-yellow, pale butter, and soft gold, and with them the lavender-blue *Crocus sieberi*. In the huge Saxon stone coffin in which I made a simple rock-garden there is a colony of the very rare *Crocus sieberi versicolor*. This is a most-striking variety. The lower half of the flower, and the upper portion, are rich reddish-violet, whilst between these two zones of colour is a band of

## SPRING.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

pure white whose edges feather into the violet above and below. The effect of this snow-white, feather-edged band bisecting the violet blossom is bizarre, yet—to me, at any rate—delightful.

I bought a single specimen of this crocus many years ago at an R.H.S. Show. It was in a pot. The shattering price I paid for it was doubtless accounted for by its leisurely rate of increase. My colony to-day runs to perhaps eighteen or a couple of dozen bulbs.

cross and now have two or three of the resulting seedlings just coming into flower. This spring I am crossing *A. transsilvatica* with a lovely rose-pink variety of *A. hepatica*.

That might give something really worth while—for my grand- or perhaps great-grandchildren.

Bushes of the fragrant *Viburnum fragrans* and the hybrid *V. bodnantense* have been hivering and hesitating about opening their buds all winter. A few adventurous sprays opened enough to be worth cutting for the house, where they soon responded to warmth and comfort and opened in a few days. But the main crop, especially of *V. bodnantense*, came with a rush with all the rest of the spring floral flood. *Abeliophyllum distichum* came into flower a day or two after the two viburnums, and is an exceptionally attractive hardy flowering shrub. In effect it is like a small forsythia, with very slender stems and twigs, and four-petalled white flowers tinged with pale pink. They are fragrant. It has the reputation of being vulnerable to frost when in flower. This, I am sorry to say, has proved true here this spring. My only outdoor specimen, about 3 ft. high, is planted at the foot of a wall facing west and, alas, some at any rate of the extremely beautiful sprays of blossom were touched by a night frost, and browned as though scorched. In spite of this danger, *Abeliophyllum* is well worth growing. A native of Korea,

it was introduced to this country in 1924.

Apart from its beauty as an outdoor shrub, it will, I think, be worth cultivating as a pot-plant to be opened in the unheated greenhouse and then enjoyed in the house. I have two young specimens about a foot high, which I struck as cuttings last year, and wintered in small pots in the open air. Early in February I noticed that their slender branches were well set with dark chocolate-coloured buds, so I tried the experiment of bringing them into a cold greenhouse. Here they came into flower very rapidly, have escaped frost injury and are extremely pretty. I shall carry on this experiment by growing them for

another year in the open air—still in their pots—and aim at producing rather larger, bushier specimens, to use as house plants next spring.

Growing certain early-flowering shrubs in pots in this way for opening under glass and then bringing into the house is well worth consideration. One excellent shrub for the purpose is the *Osmanthus delavayi*, whose small, fragrant white flowers are so often ruined by frost in the open. I have a specimen in a pot, which is less than a foot high, branchy, shapely and covered with buds, which are due to open any minute now. Forsythias are also very easy to grow and flower in this way, and I can imagine that wintersweet, *Chimonanthus fragrans*, would make, eventually, a glorious dwarf veteran. But a veteran it would have to be to flower in a pot. Planted in the open; it certainly takes a long time to make up its mind to flower with any real freedom. But what a joy when it does!



A WINTER-FLOWERING SHRUB FROM KOREA: THE LITTLE-KNOWN *ABELIOPHYLLUM DISTICHUM*, "LIKE A SMALL FORSYTHIA . . . WITH FOUR-PETALLED WHITE FLOWERS TINGED WITH PINK. THEY ARE FRAGRANT." [Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.]



"THE SMALLEST OF ALL DAFFODILS, *NARCISSUS MINIMUS*, A PERFECT TRUMPET DAFFODIL NO MORE THAN 2½ INS. HIGH."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

However, they are a regularly recurring annual joy, and probably represent a king's—a minor king's—ransom. Near by, and flowering at the same time, is the smallest of all daffodils, *Narcissus minimus*, a perfect pigmy trumpet daffodil no more than 2½ ins. high. That is not a guess, or a figure of speech. I have just been out to measure it.

It is an especial pleasure to find so many blues among the first flush of real spring flowers. So many of the winter and winter-spring blossoms are white or yellow—snowdrops, aconites, Christmas roses, jasmine. The hepaticas opened at the same time as *Iris histrioides*, blue, deep violet, pink and lavender. The

finest of them all is the hybrid which

was raised by the late Ernest Ballard, by name *Anemone x media ballardii*. It is a cross between the large-flowered *Anemone transsilvatica* and *Anemone hepatica*. Its clear, lavender-blue flowers measure almost 2 ins. across. Unfortunately, this hybrid is sterile. It sets no seed, and so can only be increased by division, which is a slow business. Three or four years ago I made this same



ONE OF THE LOVELIEST FLOWERS OF SPRING, AND PROBABLY THE BEST OF THE VARIETIES OF *CROCUS CHRYSANTHUS*: "E. A. BOWLES," WITH ROUNDED FLOWERS OF BUTTER-YELLOW.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

## THE CORONATION OF H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II.

THE beautifully-reproduced Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* recording the last three Coronations have proved to be abiding souvenirs of so great an occasion—treasured for their power of evoking those moments of history when a British Sovereign dedicates himself to the service of his people.

Aspects of the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. and a record of the ceremony itself will appear in two Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* (issued on May 30 and June 6), forming a souvenir of the occasion of the greatest interest.

THESE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS WILL BE SENT TO ALL WHO TAKE OUT A YEAR'S POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION BEFORE MAY 30 AT NO EXTRA COST.

Orders for one year's subscription for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall manager or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent. The rates are as follows: Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number). United Kingdom, £5 16s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number).



## MOSCOW'S TRIBUTE: MOURNERS WAITING TO FILE PAST THE COFFIN OF STALIN.



(TOP PHOTOGRAPH.) SHOWING THE HUGE PORTRAIT OF MARSHAL STALIN ON THE FAÇADE: CROWDS WAITING TO ENTER THE TRADES UNION BUILDING, WHERE THE BODY LAY IN STATE.

(LOWER PHOTOGRAPH.) MOURNERS WAITING IN THE BITTER COLD TO PAY THEIR LAST TRIBUTE TO MARSHAL STALIN: PART OF THE QUEUE, WHICH EXTENDED FOR TEN MILES.

The funeral of Marshal Stalin took place on Monday, March 9, with deeply impressive ceremonial; and his coffin now rests beside that of Lenin in the great tomb in Moscow's Red Square. It was borne to its last resting-place on a gun-carriage drawn by black horses, preceded by one solitary rider. The dead leader's face was visible through the curved glass of the coffin; and the long cortege included fourteen Generals walking in pairs, each bearing one of the Marshal's decorations on a cushion. The ceremony was witnessed by some

100,000 people, including representatives of the many territories and peoples of Soviet Russia. Diplomats were accommodated in a special stand and there were delegations from foreign Communist Governments. After the coffin had been placed on a pedestal, orations were delivered by Mr. Malenkov, Mr. Beria and Mr. Molotov. Our photographs show scenes during the period of lying-in-state in the Hall of Columns in the Trades Union Building, when silent thousands stood patiently in the bitter cold waiting to file past the dead leader.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### RUSSIAN SUCCESSION.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

Minister of War, also held that office previously. Voroshilov, the veteran and party man, becomes Chairman of the Supreme Presidium. This means literally President, but the office is largely ornamental, and the appointment may be taken as an honour bestowed upon a popular figure with long and devoted service behind him.

An interesting announcement is that referring to the new Presidium of the Central Council of the Party, but its effect is not altogether clear. It is assumed that this takes the place of the defunct Politburo. Otherwise nothing astonishing has been revealed, unless the rise of Malenkov over the head of Molotov is to be considered as such, which is not my view. Some see an explanation of the purges in the satellite countries in a premonition of the approaching end of Stalin. We know from experience that a stroke often comes as a surprise, yet it is none the less probable that the health of the great dictator was rapidly failing and that he could not be expected to live long. Not much is known about any of the leading men of the new régime with the exception of Molotov, but Malenkov is credited with being ruthless, bold, capable and extremely energetic. Beria and Mikoyan, the latter Minister of Internal and External

the death of the most powerful and beloved of statesmen would cause deep regret, and might cause anxiety lest it should prove impossible to replace him in difficult times by one of the same calibre. That it should cause panic is inconceivable. Why should the death of Stalin cause panic? Apart from the virtual deification of him in recent years, there exists one good reason. Among the few pieces

of reliable information we possess about opinion in Russia is the fact that millions saw in Stalin a rampart of peace. He was to them not only the man who had saved Russia in war, but the man who would preserve it from another war. Some foreign observers have taken the same line and prophesied that no war would take place while Stalin lived. I can not think of any other reason why the rulers of Russia should become nervous about the possibility of panic.

So I conclude that, on the evidence presented, there is no reason to expect a drastic change in Russian policy, certainly not in the immediate future. Again on the evidence, nothing has improved and nothing has deteriorated. Yet I must add that the evidence is so slight that it may prove to be deceptive. For that very reason one can not refrain from facing the future with caution. It is damnable that half-a-dozen men should have it in their power to create a problem of this kind, but it is undeniably the case that they have. I can not help feeling that the reiterated American broadcast to the satellite States immediately after the death of Stalin was inadvisable. Were it to bring to a head the undoubted unrest in some of these countries, it might increase the prospects of war. Whatever may be said of Joseph Stalin, at least

his reactions were more readily accountable than those of his successors, who have not had the experience of supreme responsibility and who may be lacking in the judgment which he undoubtedly possessed. This is not the moment to take risks, but rather that for sounding the situation with the greatest circumspection.

It appears to me that the wisest course of action for the present is to assume that nothing is changed, that Soviet Russia is neither more nor less inclined to aggression than under Stalin, to bear in mind the acknowledged weaknesses of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation in Europe, and to walk warily. If happily the new régime in Russia should prove more inclined to a settlement than the old, every effort to reach it should, of course, be made. At the moment there are no signs

of this, and I am inclined to doubt that they will appear in the near future. The contrary may prove to be the case. In any event, the only sound policy will be that which has generally been pursued in the past: steady determination not to yield ground, coupled with avoidance of provocation. The kowtow should be banned, but so also should any hint that the present Government of Soviet Russia is weaker or more readily to be bluffed than that which preceded it. Determination coupled with vigilance and patience have hitherto been successful in averting war, and this policy ought to be maintained. If war was not held to be inevitable before the death of Stalin, we should act on the assumption that it has not become inevitable now.

The man who has died possessed many of the characteristics of greatness. He lacked the high imagination of Lenin and the intellectual qualities of some of the other leaders whom he subdued and in many cases killed. Yet he was a realist. He possessed a sense of the possible and even a human sense of humour. Those who dealt with him during the Second World War have left it on record that Stalin would often see reason and coolly cancel the decisions of subordinates who were more rigid, less adaptable, and less closely in touch with facts than he was himself. We do not know whether his successor, and those about him will prove to be possessed of a tactile sense equal to his. Though his knowledge of the world outside Russia was not extensive, theirs is even narrower. We can only watch and wait to see how they will carry the responsibility which he has left to them. We must be prepared for anything, but ready to meet whatever comes calmly and prudently.

ALL over the globe the question is being asked: After Stalin, what next? The answers have been vague and conflicting, and it can hardly be hoped that any given here will be more satisfactory. In fact, there is little point in trying to give definite answers, because they can be founded only upon speculation. It may, however, be worth while to consider some of the elements of the situation and the possibilities to which they give rise. If we all of us become verbose ourselves and like to listen to the verbosity of others on the death of Stalin, if we swing between the extremes of the trite and the fanciful, this is not to be wondered at. The event is of such significance in our lives and those of generations to come that we can not avoid pondering deeply upon it. When Stalin died, how many experts were rung up and asked to write or broadcast on the subject! And, though none of them could really give the public any more hard information than the telephonists who put the messages through, none was without a public. If the public can not get information it accepts comment.

The first point that I find worthy of note is the extraordinary speed with which Moscow announced the reorganisation not only of the personnel but in one respect of the political machinery by which Soviet Russia is governed. This suggests that much of the work had been done before the death of Stalin, and the most vital part of it before the stroke of which he was the victim. It is assuredly worth consideration. Several commentators have forecast a desperate struggle for power on the lines of that which followed the death of Lenin. They may be right. Yet the speed of the reorganisation—and of the announcement about it—may indicate that the principal features of it had long been arranged, perhaps with Stalin himself. If that were so, it would not preclude a struggle for power, but it would render this far from a certainty. Having experienced one such episode, the men of the Kremlin may at least try to avoid another.

A second consideration put forward by commentators, true in itself, but deserving the adjective "trite" which I used above, is that when Governments of this sort find themselves threatened by outside influences in the State or endangered by rivalry in their midst, they sometimes seek unity and popularity by an aggressive foreign policy and even by launching a war. We have already seen how the patriotism of Soviet Russia can react to aggression, and it is commonly not difficult to make people believe that they are the objects of aggression when in fact the aggression is on their side. Again, this may come to pass. Yet the only evidence in its favour is the generality that it has occurred in history. Though sensational events may follow, there is really nothing sensational about the steps which have at the time of writing been announced. Malenkov has become Chairman of the Council of Ministers, in other words, Prime Minister. For all we know, he has long been designated as the successor, though possibly not to all the powers possessed by Stalin. Molotov is a much older man, and may now be considered lacking in the strength of mind and body needed for the task.

Molotov goes back to his old appointment, that of Foreign Minister. This does not necessarily mean a step down or any considerable change. It is probable that he has never ceased to be the chief director of Soviet foreign policy. Vishinsky, who succeeded him and who now becomes the permanent representative with the United Nations, did not succeed him in his status. Vishinsky is an old Menshevik and as such could never reach high honours in the party, and lack of them would involve the impossibility of becoming an outstanding figure in the Government. Beria also returns to a position which he formerly held, that of Minister for Internal Affairs, but it may be expected that he always retained an important say in them. He has from time to time been named as a possible successor to Stalin. He certainly steps up, because he is the first-named, and so senior, of the Deputy Chairmen of the Council of Ministers, followed by Molotov and Kaganovich. Marshal Bulganin,



MARSHAL STALIN LIES IN STATE: THE MORTAL REMAINS OF THE GREAT RUSSIAN DICTATOR, SURROUNDED BY FLOWERS, ON A BIER IN THE HALL OF COLUMNS, MOSCOW.

The burial of Marshal Stalin was timed for noon (9 a.m. G.M.T.) on March 9 in Moscow, when it was ordered that his body should be laid to rest beside that of Lenin in the great mausoleum in Red Square. Later, it was announced, both bodies would be removed to a Pantheon, which is to be specially built and for which, it is stated, plans are already made. The day was decreed a day of national mourning—an example followed in the satellite countries—with all schools and universities closed and all work, except that in which continuance of production is vital, halted for the space of five minutes. This space of five minutes was to be spent in absolute silence, but would be preceded, as at Lenin's funeral, by a general blowing of factory hooters, locomotive whistles, ships' sirens and, in Moscow, the firing of a salute. Similar salutes were to be fired in other cities of the Soviet Union. The Albanian Government announced its intention of renaming Tirana, its capital, after Stalin.

Trade, have high reputations and will not depart from the established tradition.

And yet, has that tradition been perfectly consistent? It is always claimed that the pure and sacred doctrine of Lenin has been that of Stalin. Yet some of the words spoken by Stalin have been opposed to that of Lenin. World revolution was ever the latter's primary aim. Stalin has on several occasions stated that the first aim is that of creating an impregnable Soviet Union under Communism. While his eventual object may have been the same as that of Lenin—and while it is certain that he would have brought about a world revolution at any moment, had the opportunity presented itself—he gave a different slant to policy. He has stressed the importance of foreign trade, even with capitalist nations. He has recognised the importance of the intellectuals, as Lenin did not, though Lenin was the sublimation of the Russian left-wing intellectual and Stalin did not belong to the type. It is not only in power that the Russia of Lenin has changed under the dictatorship of Stalin. The increase of power has been brought about by industrialisation, which has proceeded at a very rapid pace. And Stalin has been the instrument. He has driven the successive "plans" through with merciless determination, using for the hardest and most deadly jobs the labour of vast numbers of enemies or potential enemies of the régime and prisoners of war.

All that has been observed amounts to a certain tightening. The official announcement was frank about the reason for this. It was to prevent the spread of panic. This statement in itself reveals the gulf between dictatorships and democratic States. In the latter



# STALIN'S SUCCESSOR, MALENKOV, AND THE NEW RUSSIAN OLIGARCHY.



MR. MOLOTOV (63): TO BE FOREIGN MINISTER AND DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER. HE IS BELIEVED TO FORM, WITH MALENKOV AND BERIA, THE TRIUMVIRATE WHICH NOW APPEARS TO RULE THE NEW RUSSIA.



MR. L. BERIA (53): TO BE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, A POST FORMED BY FUSING THE MINISTRIES OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS AND SECURITY. ALSO A DEPUTY PREMIER.



MR. G. M. MALENKOV (51): CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS, OR PREMIER. FORMERLY STALIN'S SECRETARY AND "SHADOW," HE HAS NOW SUCCEEDED HIM.



MARSHAL VOROSHILOV (72): TO BE PRESIDENT OF THE SOVIET UNION. HE REPLACES MR. SHVERNIK, WHO BECOMES CHAIRMAN OF THE TRADE UNION MOVEMENT.



MR. VISHINSKY (70): FORMERLY FOREIGN MINISTER, NOW TO BECOME PERMANENT REPRESENTATIVE AT UNITED NATIONS, AND ALSO DEPUTY FOREIGN MINISTER.



MR. L. KAGANOVITCH (60): STALIN'S BROTHER-IN-LAW AND THE ONLY JEW IN THE PRESENT RUSSIAN LEADERSHIP. NOW APPOINTED DEPUTY PREMIER.

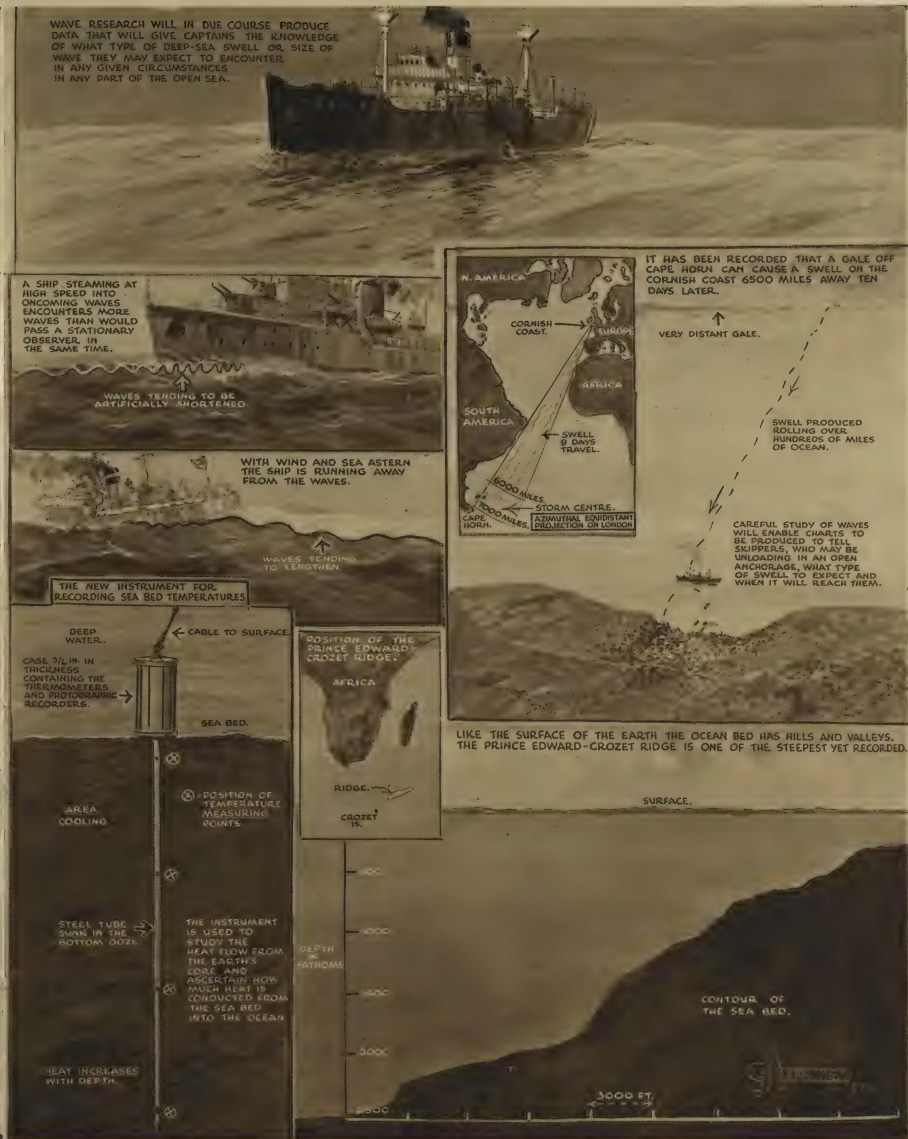
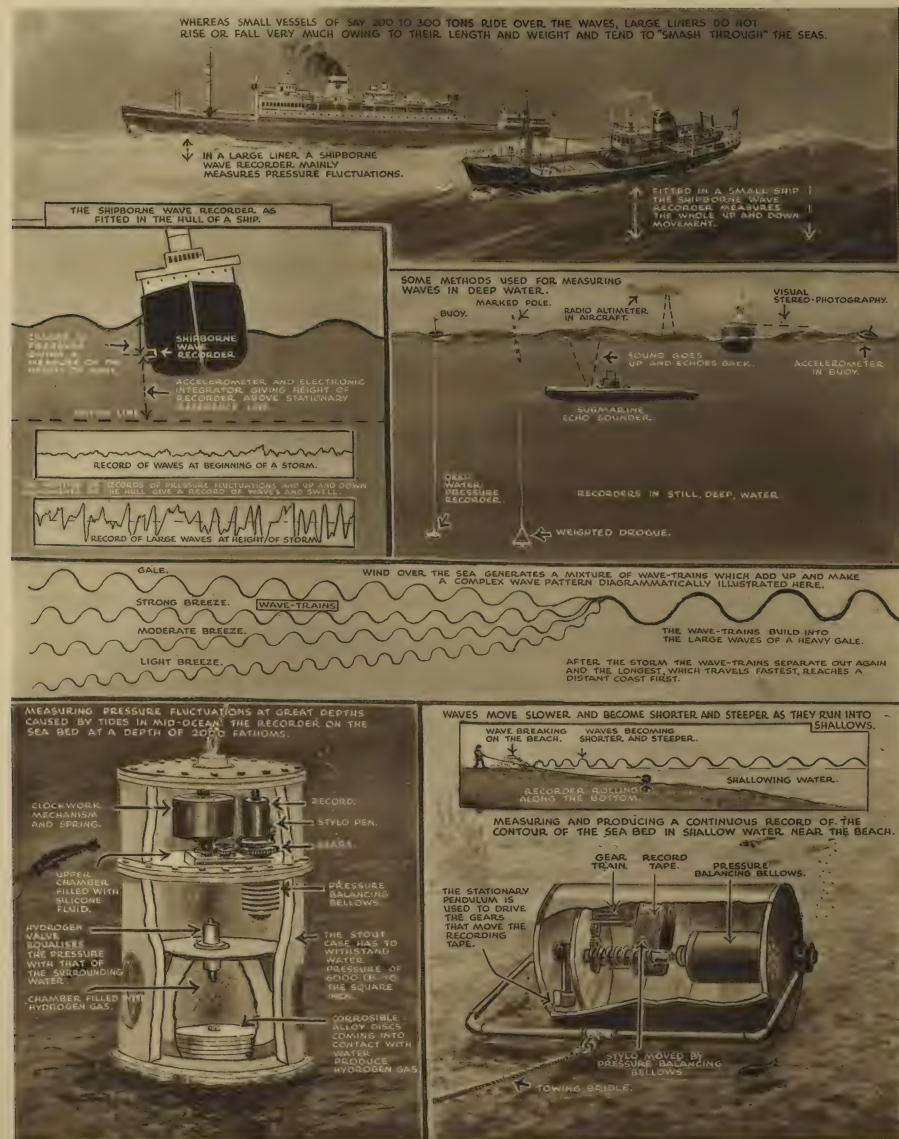


MARSHAL BULGANIN (58): TO BE MINISTER OF WAR IN PLACE OF MARSHAL VASSILEVSKY AND A DEPUTY PREMIER. CONSIDERED A "DARK HORSE."

Twenty-three hours after the death of Marshal Stalin, Moscow Radio announced the new Russian Government. The speed of this announcement, designed "to ensure the uninterrupted and correct leadership of the whole life of the country, which in its turn demands the greatest unity of leadership and the prevention of any kind of disarray and panic"; coupled with a drastic revision of the later tendencies of Stalin's methods, appeared to indicate that the plans, reflecting perhaps a series of bargains, had been cut and dried for some time among the aspirants to the supreme power. Mr. Malenkov emerges as Stalin's successor,

with Mr. Molotov and Mr. Beria forming a sort of triumvirate. The former President, Mr. Shvernik, has been reduced in rank, together with the former Secretary of the Præsidium, Mr. Gorkin; and Marshal Voroshilov becomes the new President. The Præsidium, which Stalin had increased to thirty-six (with a certain amount of decentralisation), has been reduced to ten, with a consequent tightening of control. The names of these ten are: Mr. Malenkov, Mr. Beria, Mr. Molotov, Marshal Voroshilov, Mr. Krushchev, Marshal Bulganin, Mr. Kaganovitch, Mr. Saburov, Mr. Pervukhin and Mr. Mikoyan.





# PIERCING THE MYSTERIES OF THE CRUEL SEA: THE YOUNG SCIENCE OF OCEANOGRAPHY WHICH MAY ONE DAY AVERT DISASTERS SUCH AS THE NORTH SEA FLOODS, METHODS OF RESEARCH ILLUSTRATED.

In January this year an interesting exhibition, arranged by the Royal Geographical Society and the National Institute of Oceanography, entitled "Exploring the Sea," was on view at the headquarters of the Royal Geographical Society, Kensington Gore. The exhibits were arranged in three sections corresponding to the three principal fields of oceanographical research—Exploring the Sea-bed; Life in the Sea; and the Moving Ocean. The oceans profoundly affect human life. Climate and vegetation are directly influenced by the seas; the movement of the Earth's waters affects navigation and the coasts and harbours of the world;

and the migratory and other movements of food-fish can be inferred from a study of the wider problems of marine biology. The oceans also provide a fertile medium for pure research. The history of the Earth, for example, lies to a great extent recorded in the layers of sediment that have settled over millions of years on the ocean floor. Oceanography, then, involves many sciences and the purposes of its investigations are varied. The complex physical and biological problems involved form a continuous chain of cause and effect. Marine life is conditioned by factors such as salinity and temperature, which are influenced by the movement

of the water masses relative to each other; this movement is, in its turn, affected by the shape of the ocean bed. An investigation into any aspect of the subject therefore entails some knowledge of other aspects, and the pattern becomes easier to interpret if oceanography is treated as a single science. In our issue of November 1 last year our Special Artist, Mr. G. H. Davis, illustrated some of the equipment used at sea by marine biologists; here he shows some of the apparatus employed by scientists engaged in research into wave movement and study of the sea-bed—a feature of the recent exhibition. The sea-bed has

its hills and valleys but the rise in submarine heights is not generally as steep as with those on the land. Our Artist has depicted the contour of the steepest yet recorded, that at the Prince Edward-Crozet Ridge, which goes down to a depth of 2500 fathoms (15,000 ft.). There are, of course, much deeper parts of the ocean, such as the Mindanao Deep (34,440 ft.), the Mariana Deep (35,600 ft.), and the Porto Rico Deep (30,143 ft.). These figures can be compared with the height of our highest surface mountain, Mt. Everest (29,002 ft.). The shape of the sea-bed has a considerable effect on the movement of the ocean waters.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF OCEANOGRAPHY.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A MINOR PROBLEM IN SURREY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

The style of the carving, and it is a very nice piece of work, with its swirls of foliage, seems to point to somewhere about the 1660's, and I would like to hazard a guess that it was originally made to be fixed at the east end above the altar; its subject would surely entitle it to a position of great importance. This is where someone with a very special knowledge of ecclesiastical history could help. Still guessing, and perhaps a little wildly, I can well imagine an agitation against what might be considered a Popish emblem

occupying so prominent a position at the time of the Titus Oates affair, and the vicar and churchwardens deciding that it had better be removed. This they did, but could not bring themselves to destroy what had become familiar and very likely regarded with awe, so had it fixed to the back of a chair they already possessed. I have not been informed how it is fixed or to what—that might give a clue as to whether it was placed on an already existing chair or whether a chair was made for it at the time by the local joiner.

I see various sceptics shaking their heads and accusing me of woolly romanticism. Well, here's another suggestion, and I dare

say you can think of several others. A pious parishioner in 1850 picks up this carving in a sale and would like to present it, but it's too High Church for the vicar, and so they reach the compromise you see, marrying it to another relic acquired

at the identical sale. This drearily prosaic theory is supported by the evidence, such as it is, of the apron in the front beneath the seat. Under a magnifying-glass, the photograph appears to show the pattern cut through at the lower edge, which is just what a Victorian, self-consciously archaizing, might do. On the other hand, this could well be the only alteration the chair suffered since the seventeenth century.

Here we are with two theories—but there are yet other points worth noting. Look at Fig. 4 once more—the Lancashire-type chair. Never mind the upper part, but study the legs: four

square, and no rake to the back legs. Now turn to Fig. 3, the so-called Derbyshire type; similar construction, pegged, of course, not screwed, and, like the other, with the front legs turned. I have no room for further photographs

of mid-seventeenth-century chairs of this character, in oak or walnut, but all of them follow this pattern more or less and with more or less elaborate turning. I must admit that the turning of legs and stretcher of the Shere Church chair, plus the pronounced rake to the back legs, is not quite in line with what one would expect in something made at the same time as the carved back. So our naturally suspicious minds are left with yet another subject for debate. One thing, and one thing alone, is clear enough. The legs and

stretcher, whenever they were put together, are very ordinary. The carving at the back is by a more than usually competent man. He seems to me, from the photograph, to be a distinct personality. It is not credible that anyone as good as this, and in command of so marked a style, should have carved this one thing only. There must be other fairly easily recognisable works by the same hand, and I suggest that the vicar and churchwardens of Shere, and the sleuths of the Surrey Archaeological Society, go to it this spring and summer and comb the county for other carvings. But perhaps this won't be necessary—it is more than likely that several men who are far more familiar with seventeenth-century wood-carvings than

I am will be able to identify this individual immediately from this illustration. If so, I should be grateful for a postcard, even if it demolishes the arguments outlined above.

To save anyone the trouble of presenting me with yet a third possibility, there is the chance that a close examination of legs and stretcher might show that they were made by the local carpenter on his lathe to celebrate the jubilee of Queen Victoria, for the pattern of the turning is rather more like that we associate with the nineteenth century than with the seventeenth century. This last is often elaborate, witness the corkscrews or, as I prefer to call it, barley-sugar turning, of quite a number of surviving pieces; but rarely as fussy as this. In any case, I do not suppose anyone will care very much whether the chair is old or comparatively new, or whether it has been faked up from various pieces. The back is a very different

matter, and I hope very much that this note will result in the identification of the good craftsman who made it and of the circumstances which brought it to its present position—the pursuit should be interesting.



I RECENTLY had a share in entertaining a Benison of Bishops, a Decorum of Deans, a Veneration of Archdeacons and a Salvo of Canons at an industrial establishment with which I have the honour to be connected; and during a graceful little speech at the end of the proceedings the boss, fixing a possibly unconscious but indubitably baleful eye on myself and my colleagues, remarked: "So you see for yourselves, gentlemen, what need we have for clergymen in this district." I never bear malice and, besides, the hock was excellent. But it was, in fact, true enough—just then I did need clerical advice about, of all things, a certain chair, but the moment was inopportune, and I have not had time since to pursue my enquiries. Nor am I likely to run into so scintillating a galaxy of ecclesiological erudition for many moons.

Here is the problem, which has been sent me by the Surrey Archaeological Society. The chair of Fig. 1 (Fig. 2 is a detailed photograph of the back) stands in Shere Church, and, I gather, has been there since the memory of man. Legs and stretchers are turned oak, and a carved apron beneath the seat looks in the photograph as if it were a fragment from elsewhere made to fit. The odd thing about a not very distinguished piece of joinery is the back. This was certainly never made for its present purpose. Carved backs are not unfamiliar things on oak chairs in the seventeenth century, particularly in the type generally associated with Lancashire (here is one in Fig. 4), but, as you can see, the chair is, so to speak, all of a piece, and the back was obviously made to match the general character of the chair. We cannot possibly imagine Fig. 2 as having been made for a piece of furniture. The subject—the Chalice and the Host surmounted by a crown supported by cherubs—rules that out. It is barely possible that such a carving might have been made as the door of a cupboard, but if so, there would be a place for a key or some sort of fastening, and in any event this seems to me a most unlikely supposition.



FIG. 1. A CHAIR WHICH PROVIDES A PROBLEM: IT IS MADE OF OAK AND HAS STOOD IN SHERE CHURCH, SURREY, FOR MANY YEARS.

"This chair stands in Shere Church, and, I gather, has been there since the memory of man. . . . The odd thing about a not very distinguished piece of joinery is the back. This was certainly never made for its present purpose."



FIG. 3. AN OAK CHAIR OF THE SO-CALLED DERBYSHIRE TYPE: MADE IN THE MID-SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

This oak chair of the so-called Derbyshire type shows the typical turning and carving of the work of that period. For comparison with the chair in Shere Church, illustrated in Figs. 1 and 2.



FIG. 2. FINELY CARVED WITH A DESIGN REPRESENTING THE CHALICE AND THE HOST SURMOUNTED BY A CROWN SUPPORTED BY CHERUBS: THE BACK OF THE CHAIR SHOWN IN FIG. 1.

The style of the carving of the remarkable back to the chair illustrated in Fig. 1 seems to point to somewhere about the 1660's. The problem which it presents is discussed by Frank Davis on this page.



FIG. 4. AN OAK CHAIR OF THE SO-CALLED LANCASHIRE TYPE MADE IN THE MID-SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"Carved backs are not unfamiliar things on oak chairs in the seventeenth century . . . but, as you can see, the chair (Fig. 4) is, so to speak, all of a piece, and the back was obviously made to match the general character . . ."





PRODUCING A FISH-NET IN A FLASH: THE EFFECT OF APPLYING 1,000,000 VOLTS TO A GIANT NEW INSULATOR AT STOURPORT.  
Our photograph shows what happens when 1,000,000 volts, four times the load it will ever have to carry, are applied to one of the new post insulators, the largest ever made in this country, which are to be produced for the new super-grid scheme.



THE RESTORATION OF LEONARDO DA VINCI'S "THE LAST SUPPER" NEARING COMPLETION: SIGNOR M. PELLICCIOLI AT WORK ON THE RIGHT HAND OF AN APOSTLE.  
Although the former refectory of the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, near Milan, was completely destroyed in World War II, Leonardo da Vinci's fresco of "The Last Supper" was saved by protective masonry, but it suffered still further deterioration. As a contribution to the Leonardo quinquenary celebrations in Milan, the work of restoring this masterpiece was given to Signor Mauro Pelliccioli a year ago, and he is now completing his task. He is seen at work in our photograph on the right hand of an Apostle.

## ANCIENT AND MODERN: THE WORLD OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY IN PICTURES.



UNVEILING AN ANIMALS' ROLL OF HONOUR IN MEMORY OF THE FOUNDER OF THE P.D.S.A.: LORD BRABAZON AT THE ORGANISATION'S HEADQUARTERS IN CLIFFORD STREET. On March 3 Lord Brabazon unveiled a record of "courage, sagacity and devotion displayed by animals in the service of man" at the headquarters of the P.D.S.A. in memory of the late Mrs. M. E. Dicken, the founder of the organisation. Mr. A. E. Bridges Webb, chairman of the P.D.S.A., is also seen (centre).



A NEW ACQUISITION AT THE NELSON-ATKINS GALLERY, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI: A GREEK NECK AMPHORA SIGNED NIKOSTHENES EPOISEN (c. 550-525 B.C.).  
This amphora, recently acquired by the Nelson-Atkins Gallery, fully signed, is a rather rare shape for Attic amphora and one which was introduced into Attica from Eastern Ionia by Nikosthenes. The style of amphora is characterised by the ribbon handles, suggestive of metal rather than pottery forms. The most noted amphora of this type is that in the Louvre, signed by Pamphaios, a rival of Nikosthenes. This vessel is in fine condition and its unusual shape increases its interest.



## THE RUNNYMEDE MEMORIAL, AND NEWS FROM ENGLAND, DENMARK AND BERLIN.



(ABOVE.) THE INTERIOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH AIR FORCES MEMORIAL, NOW IN BUILDING AT RUNNYMEDE, SHOWING PART OF TWO CLOISTERS; AND (LEFT) THE AIR FORCE CROWN ON THE SUMMIT OF THE CENTRAL SHRINE.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUNNYMEDE MEMORIAL TO OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE COMMONWEALTH AIR FORCES; WHICH THE QUEEN HAS ARRANGED TO UNVEIL ON OCTOBER 17. This memorial, situated on a wooded hill overlooking Runnymede and in sight of Windsor Castle, has been designed by Mr. Edwin Maufe, R.A., for the Imperial War Graves Commission and commemorates the officers and men of the Commonwealth Air Forces who lost their lives when operating from the U.K. or N.W. Europe, and who have no known grave.



AMONG THE NEW WEAPONS BEING DEVELOPED FOR THE BRITISH INFANTRYMAN: A 9-MM. AUTOMATIC PISTOL WHICH WILL PRESUMABLY REPLACE THE '38-IN. REVOLVER AND MAY TAKE THE SAME ROUND AS THE PATCHETT MACHINE CARBINE.



A FIRE AT A DANISH SHIPYARD AT COPENHAGEN, WHICH DID DAMAGE ESTIMATED AT ABOUT £250,000.

On March 5 fire, caused, it is thought, by a spark from a lorry's exhaust, destroyed the main store of the shipyard of Burmeister and Wain at Copenhagen, and completely destroyed the contents, including essential tools, blue-prints, files and models. It was feared that the fire would put 1000 men out of work.



IN A FACTORY REQUISITIONED TO PROVIDE A TEMPORARY HOME FOR THE FLOOD OF REFUGEES FROM EASTERN GERMANY: SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF FUGITIVES FROM COMMUNISM.

Prior to the death of Marshal Stalin, the daily influx of political refugees from East Germany into West Berlin reached 3000 and in a single week totalled 15,600. The news of Stalin's death coincided, however, with a drop in the daily average—and it is thought that this might have been caused by a hope of a change in Russian policy. By March 7, however, the refugees still awaiting aerial transport to Western Germany had reached the number of 17,000 and extra flights were being arranged by B.E.A., Pan-American Airways and Air France.



THE HUGE QUEUE OF APPLICANTS AT THE WEST BERLIN REFUGEE HEAD-QUARTERS, TO WHICH IN A SINGLE WEEK 15,600 EAST GERMANS APPLIED FOR POLITICAL ASYLUM FROM THE RUSSIAN-DOMINATED HALF OF GERMANY.



# EVENTS AND ACHIEVEMENTS: STRANGE, NOTABLE AND SOLEMN, AND GAY.



THE ENGLISH SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP WHICH WAS WON BY D. A. G. PIRIE, OF SOUTH LONDON HARRIERS, THE BRITISH SIX-MILES TRACK CHAMPION AND RECORD-HOLDER: THE FIELD OF 437 STARTERS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE RACE.

The English Senior Cross-Country Championship over 9½ miles, at Caversham Park, Reading, on Saturday, March 7, was won by D. A. G. Pirie, the British six-miles track champion and record-holder, who completed

the course in 49 mins. 15 secs., finishing quite fresh. F. A. Sando (Aylesford Paper Mills S.C.) was second in 50 mins. 22 secs., with C. M. Gray (Small Heath Harriers), the Midland champion, third.



THE FIRST RUSSIAN-BUILT MIG 15 JET-FIGHTER TO LAND INTACT OUTSIDE THE IRON CURTAIN: THE AIRCRAFT IN WHICH A POLISH PILOT (RIGHT) LANDED ON BORNHOLM. On March 5 a Polish pilot landed at Roenne Airport, Bornholm Island, in a Russian-built MIG 15 jet fighter and asked for political asylum. Poland has requested its return, but the Danish Foreign Ministry replied that no answer could be given until after an enquiry. The aircraft, the first intact MIG 15 jet fighter to fall into Western hands, has been taken to Copenhagen for examination



BODIES OF FRENCH AVIATORS OF THE "NORMANDIE-NIEMEN" SQUADRON RETURNED TO FRANCE: DETRAINING COFFINS ON ARRIVAL FROM BERLIN. The Russians recently handed over to the French the bodies of eleven aviators of the "Normandie-Niemen" Squadron killed in World War II, fighting with the Russians. The ceremony took place with full military honours in East Berlin, and a military train took the coffins to France.

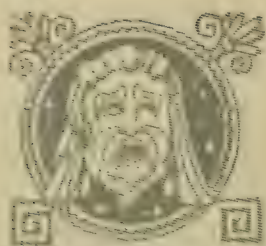


"POPULAR SWEETMEATS" OF AN UNUSUAL AND MACABRE FORM FOR ALL SOULS' DAY: DEATH'S-HEADS, OR CALAYERAS IN MARZIPAN DECORATED WITH "AMUSING INSCRIPTIONS," AT THE EXHIBITION OF MEXICAN ART. The Popular Art Section at the Tate Gallery Exhibition of Mexican Art includes "family offerings on All Souls' Day." Some of these are, Calaveras, or death's-heads, which are made "in all sizes and decorated with flowers, proper names, amusing inscriptions, animals, angels, souls in purgatory, and other ornaments."



THE LION AND THE KANGAROO FIGHTING FOR THE ASHES: A REMARKABLE PIECE OF SCULPTURE CARRIED OUT IN AUSTRALIAN BUTTER EXHIBITED AT THE DAILY MAIL IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA. The British Lion and the Australian Kangaroo at the Ideal Home Exhibition are fighting for the Ashes. This amusing piece of cricketing sculpture has the additional interest of being carried out in a substance rare in England—butter. The sculptor was obliged to work in a cold room.





# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## SHOW-PIECES.

By J. C. TREWIN

THIS is a high season for the theatre's show-pieces. One by one they are being brought out for us. We have had a Portia (at the Old Vic) with the Quality of Mercy, and we are shortly to have another at Stratford-upon-Avon. Now, within a fortnight, Millamant has told Mirabell that she may, by degrees, dwindle into a wife; Lear has delivered the Curse, and Mark Antony the Oration; and Strindberg's Captain has hurled the lighted lamp at the repellent Laura.

Here is playgoing indeed. And I believe that there are a good many show-pieces to come, from Enobarbus's "The barge she sat in" to the speech by King Magnus that runs on through fifteen minutes of "The Apple Cart," and is followed by Amanda's "You did speak that piece beautifully, Sir," which is Shaw's charming hint to the audience. We cannot call "The Wandering Jew" a show-piece of the same dazzle, but it is certainly bright enough for a romantic actor. Mr. Wolfit is to revive it shortly at the King's, Hammersmith. (Incidentally, this Jew of many periods, who speaks in such terms as "Bethink you it means aught to me of love or loathing, now my need is set?", is not very much like the old man of whom Mark Dignam has been giving a touching study in a play called, curiously, "Five Philadelphia Physicians," at the Embassy Theatre.)

The show-piece of them all, at present, is Mark Antony's oration, which is a quite different affair at the Old Vic from the gale that used to hurtle through the Shakespearean theatre when an Antony was expected to be in the high-heroic vein. Robin Bailey, in the current revival, is not heroic in that sense. He loved the dead Caesar. How best to bring the Roman mob to his side? Simply by using all the craft of the demagogue, the popular orator. And so the oration becomes excitingly a piece of quick opportunism, with Antony playing on the crowd until mischief is afoot, the city blazes, and Brutus and Cassius ride like madmen through the gates of Rome. Mr. Bailey takes the crowd with him "step by step" (as they say in "Maria Marten"): we can observe his mind as, with this trick and that, all cunningly judged, he inflames the mob. It may not be very much like Benson in gold armour, with sword drawn,

can match Gielgud in the Quarrel. At the Vic the scene is produced more flexibly. There is a noble Brutus in William Devlin. Indeed, Hugh Hunt can be happy about his last work as director of the Vic: this "Julius Caesar" goes down the straight Roman road and does not waste precious time in the by-paths.

True, there are one or two troubles: a Caesar who cannot animate the unhelpful text (the actor, Douglas Campbell, also "doubles" Octavius); an uninspiring Portia; some murky Roman-Renaissance costumes



"GOES DOWN THE STRAIGHT ROMAN ROAD AND DOES NOT WASTE PRECIOUS TIME IN THE BY-PATHS": "JULIUS CAESAR" (OLD VIC), PRODUCED BY HUGH HUNT—THE SCENE IN WHICH JULIUS CAESAR (DOUGLAS CAMPBELL) IS MURDERED. ON THE LEFT IS BRUTUS (WILLIAM DEVLIN) ABOUT TO MAKE THE FINAL THRUST; CASCA (WILLIAM SQUIRE) IS ON THE RIGHT AND CASSIUS (PAUL ROGERS) IS SEEN CENTRE, RIGHT.

that cannot, however, be a butt for Granville-Barker's joke about a cooling-room at a Turkish bath; and some extremely clean and cheap-looking daggers that cannot be the "red weapons" about which we hear so much. But no more complaints. "Caesar" is a whole gallery of show-pieces; and Mr. Hunt and his cast have tended them with care. We have even the terrible death of Cinna-the-poet, which it has become a custom to cut, but at which the Roman mob here rushes with a grim relish.

John Gielgud, who was so stirring a Cassius at Stratford-upon-Avon a few years back, is now, very differently, Mirabell in his own revival of "The Way of the World" at the Lyric, Hammersmith: certainly the correct theatre for a comedy to which Sir Nigel Playfair gave new life back in 1924. If the present revival does not glitter as we had expected, it is probably because Dame Edith Evans is otherwise engaged. Pamela Brown's Millamant is an ice-maiden, learned no doubt in classics and philosophy. We miss the warmth of the Evans drawl, the gay pounce of the coquette's raillery in the famous creation from the Restoration stage. Dame Edith, in later years, was also the "old peeled wall," Lady Wishfort. Margaret Rutherford, who now succeeds to the part, cannot help endearing herself, but she has not Wishfort's bite and gusto.

Still, the revival has much for our pleasure: John Gielgud's voice caressing the phrases in that show-piece for Mirabell and Millamant on the articles of matrimony; Paul Scofield's whinnying fop, Witwoud; Brewster

Morgan's Sir Wilfull, up from the Wrekin; the elegance of Pauline Jameson's Mrs. Fainall; the dark tones of Eileen Herlie's Marwood. Although the plot proves to be as webbed and dreary as ever, there is always the sound of the dialogue to beguile, the décor (by James Bailey) to admire.

I do not think Millamant would have got on very well with Laura, the diabolical wife in Strindberg's "The Father." Laura will not dwindle into a wife. She must rule. Infinitely more deadly than the American "shrike," she is the creation of the fiercest misogynist in the Drama. "The Father" is a testing night in the theatre. "Some people," Strindberg said of it, "have accused my tragedy of being too sad; as though one desired a merry tragedy. . . . I find the joy of life in the powerful, terrible struggles of life." Powerful and terrible are the words for this duel of the sexes in which the man is driven out of his mind. Its two show-pieces are the Captain's throwing of the lamp at the end of the second act, and the third-act scene when he is tricked into a strait-jacket by his old Nurse. Wilfrid Lawson, surprisingly, lost the effect of the lamp-throwing on the first night, but in the last act he had our tears. This searching, relentless actor has been away from the London stage for some time: if his performance of the Captain is an earnest of his work to come, we shall be fortunate. Beatrix Lehmann, as the marble-hearted wife, is the fiend we expect Laura to be. It would have been pleasant if Donald Wolfit's Lear had walked in from Hammersmith to pronounce upon Laura the Curse on Goneril, one of the majestic passages in a performance that the years have enriched.

It has drawn many connoisseurs to the King's Theatre—to admire Mr. Wolfit; it must be agreed, rather than the general quality of the production, though such work as Rosalind Iden's Cordelia and the Gloucester of Sir Lewis Casson has the correct tone and temper.

Earlier, I mentioned a coming revival of "The Wandering Jew." In "Five Philadelphia Physicians," at the Embassy, an American dramatist, Hugh Evans,



STRINDBERG'S FIERCE DRAMA "THE FATHER": THE FINAL SCENE AT THE ARTS THEATRE, SHOWING LAURA (BEATRIX LEHMANN), THE HEARTLESS WIFE WHO HAS SUCCEEDED IN HER PLAN OF MENTAL TORTURE. HER HUSBAND, THE CAPTAIN (WILFRID LAWSON), IS PUT INTO A STRAIT-JACKET. THE CAPTAIN'S BATMAN IS PLAYED BY GERALD HARPER AND THE NURSE BY NORA NICHOLSON.

but it is a logical reading, and—with the aid of the Old Vic crowd—dramatically realised.

The Quarrel Scene is another show-piece. "That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this": the first angry line of Cassius rings in memory from a classroom stage on which it was usual to say that Lucius Pella had been condemned and noted for taking bribes here of the "Sardines" (prolonged and admiring laughter). Paul Rogers judiciously prefers Shakespeare's reading. Elsewhere in the production, this always intelligent actor drives at Cassius with less force than John Gielgud did at Stratford; but he



"THE REVIVAL HAS MUCH FOR OUR PLEASURE": "THE WAY OF THE WORLD" AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH, DIRECTED BY JOHN GIELGUD. A SCENE FROM THE PLAY SHOWING MILLAMANT (PAMELA BROWN) AND MIRABELL (JOHN GIELGUD). MR. TREWIN SAYS THAT JOHN GIELGUD'S VOICE CARESSES "THE PHRASES IN THAT SHOW-PIECE FOR MIRABELL AND MILLAMANT ON THE ARTICLES OF MATRIMONY."

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE WAY OF THE WORLD" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—It is William Congreve's world where the prose matters more than the plot, and where the cue is always "Raillery! Raillery!" Pamela Brown, the Millamant, has too hard a glitter; but John Gielgud speaks Mirabell beautifully. (February 19.)

"KING LEAR" (King's, Hammersmith).—Donald Wolfit in his most majestic part. (February 23–March 7.)

"JULIUS CAESAR" (Old Vic).—The grandeur that was Shakespeare's Rome, in Hugh Hunt's direct and sensible production. (February 24.)

"FIVE PHILADELPHIA PHYSICIANS" (Embassy).—A symbolical drama by Hugh Evans that has our respect if not our entire acquiescence. (February 25.)

"BEFORE THE DELUGE" (Boltons).—Feeling the heat in Southern Rhodesia. (February 26.)

"THE FATHER" (Arts Theatre Club).—The return of a major artist, Wilfrid Lawson, in Strindberg's fierce drama. (February 26.)

"THE GLORIOUS DAYS" (Palace).—An extraordinary mixture, for the less inquiring playgoer, in which Anna Neagle appears as Nell Gwynn and Queen Victoria and also sings "K-K-Katy." (February 28.)

sees the Jew as an old shoemaker who is part of an intricate mesh of symbolism. There are only five characters in the piece. The other four seem to represent Judas, Peter, Mary Magdalene and Cain. But some of the significances are anybody's guess. The play, set in the Southern States after a Negro has been lynched, is by turns affecting and exasperating. It is in no sense a show-piece of the Drama, but it is a play, appreciatively acted and put on, that in its muddled sincerity sticks in our thoughts. In any event, that strange title (itself for collectors) would hold the memory.



# MATTERS DIPLOMATIC, MARITIME AND MILITARY—FROM SEVERAL COUNTRIES.



THE NEW U.S. EMBASSY IN MOSCOW, NEARING COMPLETION. IT STANDS IN TCHAIKOVSKY STREET AND THE AMBASSADOR'S OFFICES ARE ON THE NINTH FLOOR OF THE CENTRE BLOCK. This new building to house the U.S. Embassy in Moscow is now almost ready for occupancy and, it is reported, will cost the States an annual rental of 102,500 dollars. The new American Ambassador, Mr. Charles E. Bohlen, had not yet arrived in Russia at the time of writing.



THE SIGNING OF THE TRIPARTITE BALKAN PACT AT ANKARA ON FEBRUARY 28, BY THE FOREIGN MINISTERS OF (L. TO R.) GREECE, TURKEY AND YUGOSLAVIA. At Ankara on February 28, in a villa adjoining the Presidential residence, the Foreign Ministers of Turkey (Mr. Koprulu); Greece (Mr. Stephanopoulos) and Yugoslavia (Mr. Popovitch) signed a treaty which marks a new departure in Balkan relations. It provides for consultation on all international questions of common interest, periodic meetings of Foreign Ministers and the joint study of defence problems by General Staffs. The treaty is valid for five years.



CONDOLENCES ON MARSHAL STALIN'S DEATH: CALLERS AT THE SOVIET EMBASSY IN LONDON. As soon as the news of the death of Marshal Stalin reached London, visitors began to call at the Soviet Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens to express condolences. Curtains in the windows were drawn, and the Red Flag of the Soviet, was flying at half-mast over the building.



THE RE-EQUIPMENT OF ITALY'S ARMY: TANKS OF THE ARIETE DIVISION DRAWN UP FOR INSPECTION. Land Forces, Southern Europe, the N.A.T.O. name for the new Italian Army, now has two armoured divisions, the *Ariete* and the *Centauvo*. The former has been completely re-equipped with M-47 Patton tanks, mounting 90-mm. guns, shown at a recent parade.



A ROYAL FISH WHICH HER MAJESTY HAS ACCEPTED: THE MAGNIFICENT 96-LB. STURGEON CAUGHT IN A TRAWL BY A BELGIAN FISHING-BOAT OFF THE LIZARD AND LANDED AT NEWLYN ON MARCH 3. THE FISH, 6 FT. 3 INS. LONG, WAS SOLD FOR £12 10S. AND SENT TO LONDON TO BE OFFERED TO THE QUEEN.



THE FRIGATE H.M.S. *ACTEON*, AT KNYSNA, CAPE PROVINCE, ON HER WAY HOME AFTER SIX YEARS' SERVICE ON THE SOUTH ATLANTIC STATION. SHE LATER CALLED AT MONROVIA, LIBERIA. The frigate H.M.S. *Acteon*, which has completed six years' service in the South Atlantic, was expected to reach Portsmouth on March 12. During her homeward voyage she called at Monrovia, Liberia, for four days, being the first British warship to do so for six years. [Photograph by Mr. Reginald Jordan.]



AT NASSAU AFTER COMPLETING AN EIGHTY-SEVEN DAY SAILING VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC ALONE: MR. COLIN FOX, A BRITISH BOOKMAKER AND FIGHT PROMOTER. Mr. Colin Fox, a thirty-year-old Englishman, recently arrived at Nassau after completing an eighty-seven day solo voyage across the Atlantic without using a motor. He is planning to continue his voyage to New York, where he hopes to sell his 23-ft. gaff-rig cutter.



## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALANBROOKE.

As Lord High Constable he will command all troops on parade in London on Coronation Day. Lord Alanbrooke has been H.M. Lieutenant, County of London, and Constable of the Tower of London since 1950. The post of Lord High Constable, one of the Great Officers of State, who formerly commanded all the forces of the Crown, is now filled only for the day on such great State occasions as a Coronation.



BLINDFOLDED AND PLAYING EIGHT SIMULTANEOUS GAMES AGAINST OPPONENTS ALLOWED TO SEE: DR. TARTAKOWER, THE FRENCH INTERNATIONAL CHESS PLAYER, AUTHOR OF "MY BEST GAMES OF CHESS 1905-1930," AT THE CAISSA CLUB, PARIS.



AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR DERMOT A. BOYLE.

To be Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Fighter Command, with effect from April 7, with the acting rank of Air Marshal. He succeeds Air Marshal Sir Basil E. Embry. Air Marshal Boyle, who is forty-eight, has been A.O.C. No. 1 Group, Bomber Command, since April 1951. Last year he led the R.A.F. goodwill tour to Latin America by No. 12 Squadron Canberra jet bombers. He captained one of the aircraft as pilot throughout the 24,000-mile flight.



SIR ROBERT GOWER.

Died on March 6, aged seventy-two. A lawyer of distinction and a prominent member of the House of Commons for more than twenty years, he devoted a lifetime of service to animals. In 1951, having been chairman of the R.S.P.C.A. for twenty-three years, he was unanimously elected its president.



SIR HAROLD SCOTT.

Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Sir Harold Scott, who is sixty-five, was due to retire last year, but is staying on until after the Coronation. He was formerly Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Aircraft Production, and has held his present post since 1945. He entered the Home Office in 1911.



DUE TO ARRIVE IN LONDON ON MARCH 16 FOR HIS FIVE-DAY VISIT TO BRITAIN: MARSHAL TITO, HEAD OF THE YUGOSLAV STATE.

Marshal Tito is due to arrive in this country on March 16 for his five-day visit to Britain, the date of which was advanced, at his request, from March 23. He is understood to have embarked in the Yugoslav training vessel *Galeb*, and the Admiralty arranged to provide an escort of ships of the Royal Navy from Malta. He is accompanied by the State Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and other Ministers and officers.



MISS JOAN HASSALL.

Miss Joan Hassall, R.E. (daughter of the late John Hassall, R.I., R.W.A.), book illustrator and wood-engraver, has designed the invitation card which the Queen has approved for her guests at the Coronation. The lettering is by Mr. S. B. Stead. The card, shown in our issue of March 7, is printed in dark blue on white.



MR. C. G. M. DES GRAZ.

Died on March 2, aged sixty. Since 1949 he had been chairman of Sotheby and Company, the well-known Bond Street auctioneers. He had been with the firm for more than thirty years and, except for the period of World War II, had conducted most of the important sales of books handled by the firm in London.



MR. SERGEI PROKOFIEV.

Died in Moscow on March 4, aged sixty-two. The most gifted contemporary Russian composer, his death is a loss to the world. He left Russia in 1918 and returned voluntarily in 1934. He later fell into disfavour because of the "bourgeois formalism" of his style; and he promised "to do better in future."



DR. R. L. JAMES.

To be Headmaster of Harrow in succession to the late Dr. R. W. Moore. Dr. James, who is forty-seven, has been High Master of St. Paul's School since 1946. He will take up his new duties in September. Educated at Rossall and Jesus College, Oxford, he was appointed an assistant master at St. Paul's in 1928. In 1939 he became Headmaster of Chigwell.



LEE MENG.

The death sentence on Lee Meng, twenty-five-year-old Chinese girl Communist in Malaya, was commuted to penal servitude for life by the Sultan of Perak. The Hungarian Government have offered to exchange the imprisoned British business man, Mr. Edgar Sanders, for Lee Meng. Mr. Churchill told the House of Commons on March 2 that there could be no question of bartering human life or deflecting the course of justice or mercy in Malaya for the sake of obtaining the release of a British subject unjustly imprisoned in Hungary. Mr. Sanders, who is forty-five, was sentenced to thirteen years' imprisonment in 1950 by a Budapest court on charges of espionage and sabotage.



MR. EDGAR SANDERS.



CHIEF JUSTICE F. M. VINSON SWEARS IN MRS. LUCE AS AMBASSADOR: MR. DULLES IS IN THE CENTRE.

The nomination of Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce as United States Ambassador to Italy was unanimously confirmed by the Senate on March 2, and the swearing-in ceremony was carried out by Mr. F. M. Vinson, Chief Justice of the United States, in the office of Mr. John Foster Dulles, United States Secretary of State.



WITH THE GOVERNOR OF KENYA: CHIEF SIMEON KIOKO, WHO, UTTERLY CONDEMNS MAU MAU. H.E. the Governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn Baring, and Lady Mary Baring were greeted by 12,000 Kamba tribesmen at Machakos when on their recent tour. They heard Chief Simeon Kioko, speaking for 40,000 tribesmen living in the Kamba reserve, utterly condemn Mau Mau.



ARRIVING IN NEW YORK FROM TRINIDAD: THE PRINCESS ROYAL WITH HER BROTHER, THE DUKE OF WINDSOR.

The Princess Royal sailed for England with the Duke of Windsor, in the liner *Queen Elizabeth*, on March 6. Her West Indian tour was curtailed because of the illness of Queen Mary, and she flew to New York, where she met the Duke of Windsor, who returned to England with her to visit their mother, who is confined to bed at Marlborough House.



# INSIDE A TROGLODYTE CITY OF 20,000 YEARS AGO:

## NEW DISCOVERIES IN A UNIQUE GROUP OF SPANISH CAVES AND DRAWINGS FROM THE 'SANCTUMSANCTORUM' OF AURIGNACIAN MAN.

By THE REV. DR. JESUS CARVALLO, Director of the Santander Prehistoric Museum.

IN the province of Santander, in Northern Spain, there is a village called Puento Viesgo. It possesses thermal baths and it is visited by many tourists in the summer. Beside it flows the River Pas, and it stands at the foot of a conical hill which rises about 650 ft. above the river. This is called Monte Castillo (the Castle Mountain) because of a tradition that there was a castle on its summit; and it still bears remains of a Celtic fortification.

What makes the place famous, however, is the existence in this hill of three great caverns with prehistoric paintings in them and five other caverns without any paintings. A group of this description is, as far as is yet known, unique in the world to-day. It is fair to describe the interior of this hill as a prehistoric city, with fine artistic remains and dating from some 20,000 years ago.

None of the oriental civilisations equals it in age. Egypt, Chaldea, Assyria, Sumeria, and the rest are relatively modern when compared with the caverns and troglodyte remains of this subterranean city.

Those who enter these great caverns and experience the cold of caves which the light of day has never reached feel their spirits dismayed, and tremble, as it is human to do, when confronted with that which is at once immense and grim. The great galleries, whose vaulting is taller than that of a cathedral; the petrified waterfalls; the tall and massive columns which unite in the vaulted roof; the deeps which open at their feet, and which, with a careless step, may be their tomb—all these excite fear. But the scene changes when guides are present with good lights and there are revealed the signs of the mysterious civilisation which developed in these depths more than 200 centuries ago, when there was no Egypt, no Chaldea and no Troy. Such

deaths that the paintings in question were prehistoric and of the Quaternary Age. A learned French prehistorian, Rivière, came to Santander in 1895. He read Santuola's book and explored the Altamira cave. He then returned to his own country in Dordogne, where there are a large number of caves, and discovered at La Muthe paintings just like those of Altamira and representing the same animals. Furthermore, specimens of the same animals' bones were discovered in the excavations which were made. With this evidence, the French recognised the genuineness of Altamira. The two Spanish experts unfortunately never enjoyed their triumph, as both had by this time died.



FIG. 1. FLINT ARROW-HEADS AND SCRAPERS OF THE MAGDALENIAN PERIOD, FOUND IN THE LA PASIEGA CAVE, ONE OF THE UNIQUE GROUP OF CAVES IN MONTE CASTILLO NEAR SANTANDER, DISCUSSED IN THIS ARTICLE BY DR. CARVALLO.

Monte Castillo is a hill rising about 650 ft. above the River Pas, in the Santander province of Northern Spain and about 14 miles from Santander itself. This hill contains a remarkable collection of caves, of which eight (all of them large) have so far been discovered. They appear to have formed what Dr. Carvallo calls a troglodyte city in the Aurignacian, Solutrean and Magdalenian era (20,000-12,000 years ago). Three of the eight contain wall paintings, mainly Aurignacian. The first, the Castillo (Castle) cave, can be reached by car by a motor road which passes close by the entrance. The second, La Pasiega (Highlander) Cave, about 550 yards further on, is reached by a wide labourers' road; and the third, the Monedas (Money) Cave, by the same road and on the same level, about 175 yards farther on. In all three, electric light has now been installed.

Early in the present century, another Frenchman, Cartailiac, who had been the greatest opponent of the Altamira theory, became its greatest adherent, and came to Santander with the Abbé Breuil; and the two of them produced the most complete study of this cave and published the best book on it, with magnificent colour reproductions of the paintings. At the

same time Professor Alcalde del Rio devoted himself to hunting for caves throughout this region and discovered those of Puento Viesgo.

He made a study of the paintings, and I undertook the geological study, discovering numerous bones of deer, bison, horses, wild boar, goats, wolves, and so on. In the interior of a gallery underneath a stalagmite, I discovered the complete skeleton of the Great Cave Bear. This was

a most interesting discovery; because at this time it was believed that this animal had never lived in Spain—this view being maintained by the geologists Issel and the Englishman Lubbock (in his work "Prehistoric Times"). Remains have now been found in abundance in the newly-discovered cave Las Monedas (The Money Cave), and, indeed, all over the Pyrenees. From the beginning, during these early explorations, I found numerous products of human industry (Fig. 1), such as scrapers, drills, erasers, arrows, small knives, fish-hooks, and the like—which are now preserved in the Santander Museum. But through lack of funds and having no grant from the State, I had to give up the excavations.

The next year a group came from the Palæontological Institute in Paris, subsidised by the Prince of Monaco, and they continued their explorations until

the outbreak of the European War of 1914-1918. They later published a magnificent work, with fine photographs, drawings and reproductions in the authentic colours of the paintings.

During the 1914-18 war years, and for some time after, nothing further was recorded of the caves until the King and Queen of Spain came to pass the summer at Santander. Don Alfonso and Queen Victoria both paid frequent visits to the caves, and when some relative from the English Royal House paid a visit I was summoned to go with them and explain. H.M. the Queen was especially fond of the Puente Viesgo caves, for although the paintings there are not the equals of the Altamira paintings, the caves themselves are on a grander scale. Modern tourism has awakened public interest in such things; and accordingly the "Patron Body of the Santander Caves" is proceeding with the work of putting the caves into a suitable condition for visiting, and of preserving them. Under the technical direction of the engineer, Señor García Lorénzón, roads have been made, electric light installed, staircases constructed at difficult levels in the interior, and the floor of the cave made smooth and easy for walking.

After a thorough survey, the engineer instructed his workmen to be on the look-out for more caves; and after some blasting operations on the outside of the hill quite a number were discovered. The first was La Flecha (the Arrow), so called because a bronze arrow-head was discovered in the entrance to it. It lies between the already well-known Castillo (Castle) Cave and the Pasiega (Highlander) Cave. It has no paintings in it; but it is very large, has very complicated galleries and is a most impressive sight.

At the end of April 1952, the workmen advised the engineer that they had found the entrance to a new cave only a few yards away from the last-mentioned. On examining it they found paintings and got in touch with me immediately, so that I might give considered instructions before any work was carried out. This is always a necessary precaution, because there have been cases of paintings being faked in imitation of the genuine ones, and a careful reconnaissance is therefore necessary.

The name which we gave to this great new cave—Las Monedas (the Money Cave)—arises from the fact that in one of its innermost galleries, on the edge of a natural abyss, we found a little heap of money dating from the time of their Most Catholic Majesties. This does not mean that the cave was inhabited at that period;



FIG. 2. PART OF THE SKULL OF ONE OF THE LATER INHABITANTS OF THE MONTE CASTILLO CAVES: A LONG-HEADED CRO-MAGNON TYPE WHO MET HIS END IN THE CASTILLO CAVE, SOME 12,000 TO 13,000 YEARS AGO, IN THE MAGDALENIAN PERIOD.

signs as many-coloured paintings of unsurpassable perfection; mysterious markings, undecipherable and still awaiting a new Champollion to read them; rock shapes, scratched, adapted and carved into animal forms. . .

This is the historical background to these amazing discoveries. In the year 1880 appeared the world's first reference to them; when a Spanish historian called Santuola published a pamphlet in which he declared that he had found a cave containing prehistoric paintings—namely, the cave at Altamira. This was considered a scientific blasphemy and nobody admitted it. The French prehistoric experts denied it absolutely, affirming that it was impossible for them to have been preserved for so many centuries and adding that Primitive Man was incapable of the concept of art. Santuola and his collaborator Vilanova, who held a chair in the University of Madrid, maintained until their



FIG. 3. THE SKULL OF A YOUNG PERSON OF THE MAGDALENIAN PERIOD, FOUND IN THE PENDO CAVE (ONE OF THE UNPAINTED CAVES NEAR THE CASTILLO CAVE). CRO-MAGNON LIKE FIG. 2, THIS SKULL HAS A HORIZONTAL AXIS OF 12 CM., AND A VERTICAL AXIS OF 11 CM.

but that some treasure-hunter penetrated the cave and made excavations in search of buried treasure—to this day some people believe that treasure is buried in the caves. We found the footprints of a single person entering and leaving the cave; and this established that since that date no one else had penetrated the cave.

On that memorable day Puente Viesgo increased its treasure of prehistoric art and Monte Castillo became famous for its painted caves—forming a group unique in the world. And in addition to the painted caves, there are five others without paintings but showing signs of having been inhabited in the Stone Age—forming, in fact, a troglodyte city of 200 centuries ago. From geological studies which I have made, I believe that we shall find other caves in the lower part of the hill, as large or even larger.

[Continued overleaf.]



## ANIMAL ARTISTS OF 20,000 YEARS AGO: NEW DISCOVERIES FROM NORTHERN SPAIN.



FIG. 4. LIKE A BRILLIANT CALLIGRAPHIC SKETCH FROM AN AURIGNACIAN ARTIST'S NOTE-BOOK: A HEADLESS EQUINE (15 INS. WIDE) IN BLACK, ON THE WALL OF THE LAS MONEDAS CAVE.



FIG. 5. ANOTHER INCOMPLETE SKETCH OF A HORSE, LIKE FIG. 4, ABOUT 20,000 YEARS OLD. DRAWN IN CHARCOAL, SUBSEQUENTLY PETRIFIED. PERHAPS REPRESENTS A MARE IN FOAL.



FIG. 6. ANOTHER OF THE THIRTEEN NEWLY-DISCOVERED HORSE DRAWINGS FROM THE LAS MONEDAS CAVE, NEAR SANTANDER. ALSO AURIGNACIAN, AND IN CHARCOAL, NEARLY 2 FT. WIDE.

*Continued.*  
are known in Spain: this one at Puente Viesgo (Santander) and another at Cortezuli (Vizcaya). It is 3 ft. 9½ ins. (1.15 metres) high. There is only one human figure, very tiny and stylised, of the Neolithic Age. The drawings are all black and seem to have been drawn with charcoal sticks and to have become petrified. There are traces of other drawings which have mostly disappeared. Each figure shows

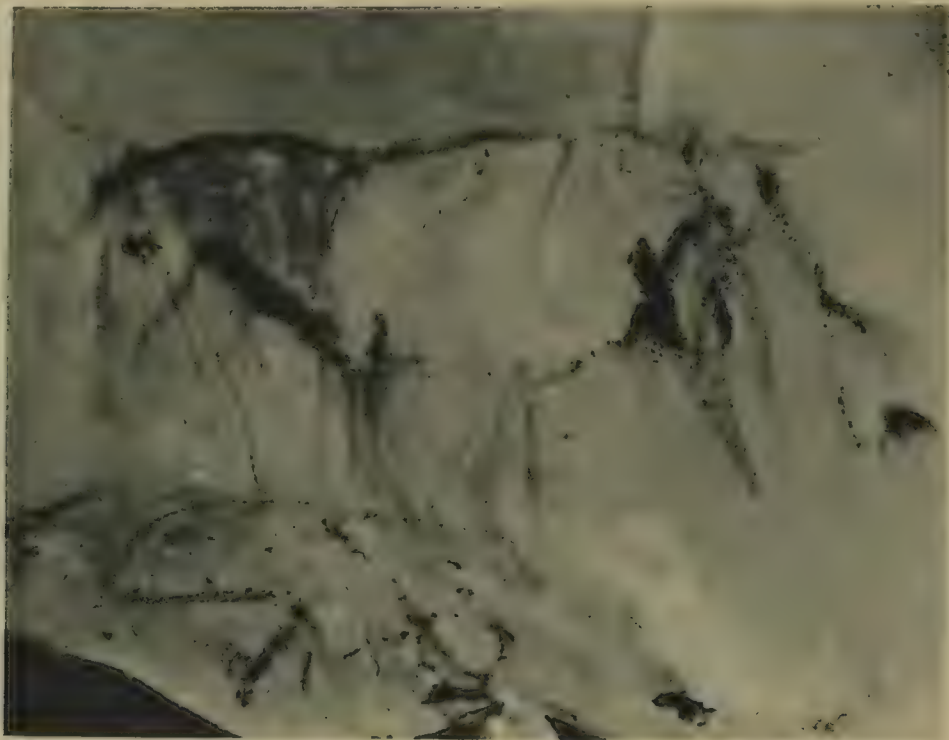


FIG. 7. PERHAPS THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED OF THE LAS MONEDAS HORSE DRAWINGS; CLOSELY OBSERVED AND WITH SOME MODELLING. POSSIBLY SOLUTREAN AND A LITTLE LATER THAN THE OTHERS.

*Continued.*

The reader can imagine for himself the powerful impression that entering the great abyss of Las Monedas made upon me. First there came a wide hall with a low-vaulted roof (Figs. 9 and 10). On the left was a petrified waterfall, with a narrow entrance through which we were able to make our way to a gallery with a number of forks. Continuing our way through this deep cavern, which suggested the Infernal Regions of the classical divinities, we reached the fantastic painted gallery: the *sanctum sanctorum*, the mysterious oratory of primitive man, who invoked there with magical rites the totem which protected him against the implacable forces of nature and the wild beasts. Passing along through thickets of columns we reached a spacious cavern in which a great abyss yawns below. Clambering forward over almost vertical walls, which were very difficult to climb, we came upon an upper chamber with very low vaulting and alabaster walls, through which the light from our lanterns shone. Never shall I forget this Dante-like journey. This great new cave is more than 175 yards (160 metres) long and contains some twenty-eight pictures, all done in black with charcoal, and belonging to the Aurignacian period, although some are rather Solutrean (Figs. 4-8). They can be dated with certainty to 20,000 years ago. The animals represented are as follows: Deer, 2; bison, 3; goats, 4; horses, 13; bulls, 2; bear, 1 only. The drawing of the bear is especially interesting, since only two

*[Continued below.]*



FIG. 8. ONE OF THE TWO DEER DRAWINGS FOUND IN THE LAS MONEDAS CAVE; SHOWING POSSIBLY A REINDEER. AURIGNACIAN, DRAWN IN CHARCOAL, AND NEARLY 2 FT. IN WIDTH.

only the animal's outline and there is no modelling or polychromatic effect, as at Altamira; and they are therefore to be classified as much older than the Altamira drawings. On excavating, we found numerous bones of the cave bear, but no complete skeleton. The bones were found in the deepest recesses of the cave and included skulls, jaw-bones with canines longer and stronger than those of lions,

*[Continued opposite.]*





FIG. 9. APPROACHING THE PAINTED GALLERY—THE *SANCTUM SANCTORUM* OF PRIMITIVE MAN OF 20,000 YEARS AGO: THE HALL OF THE FOREST IN THE LAS MONEDAS CAVE.



FIG. 10. "THE ALABASTER WALLS, THROUGH WHICH THE LIGHT FROM OUR LANTERNS SHONE": THE HALL OF THE ORGAN PIPES IN THE NEWLY-FOUND LAS MONEDAS CAVE. WHERE PREHISTORIC MAN LIVED, PRAYED AND EXERCISED HIS BRILLIANT ART: INSIDE A NEWLY-DISCOVERED SPANISH CAVE.

*Continued.* and other bones. This enormous animal dwelt in the remotest parts of the cave and was the most terrible enemy of primitive man, who had to fight the most heroic battles with the cave bear to drive him out of the cave, and so to conquer this subterranean kingdom, in which he has left for posterity the evidence

of his admirable art and his well-nigh incredible existence. We found no human bones in this cave; and very few remains of human industry—some quartzite scrapers and a flint lance-head. Clearly this was rather a sanctuary than a domicile. (Photographs reproduced by courtesy of the Prehistoric Museum, Santander.)





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### LIFE AND DEATH OF THE CAVE BEAR.

A FEW years ago, on an afternoon in January, Miss Betty Powe, exploring with a friend in Kent's Cavern, Torquay, found a piece of bone. After being washed and examined in daylight, the bone proved to be a fragment of jaw. An intensive search near the spot where the fragment was found led Mr. Harry Cook to unearth a fine specimen of a cave bear's skull. To say the skull was unearthed is to use a euphemism. It was embedded in the breccia, a mixture of earth and grit cemented by stalagmitic limestone, at a spot difficult of access, where the excavator must work in cramped and confined conditions. By the courtesy of the proprietor of Kent's Cavern, Mr. L. W. Powe, I was taken to see this spot last autumn. In common with many thousands of others, I have visited Kent's Cavern on more than one occasion, making the tour of the vast caverns and galleries beautified with the reds and greens of stalactitic deposits. This was a different story, however, since the site where the bear's skull was found was over 200 yards from the entrance, through narrow clefts in the rock, along slippery, muddy paths, now climbing up, now descending steeply. And, as we picked our way carefully, on either side of us, their gloomy depth feebly lit by the beams from our torches, other galleries and recesses led off from our path into the heart of the rock.

This venture was more than a pilgrimage to the last resting-place of an extinct beast: it was an opportunity to conjure up in imagination the feelings of our prehistoric ancestors. Bones of other extinct beasts can be seen at places in the roofs of these caves, showing that they were at one time an habitual refuge for large quadrupeds. The journey into these inner recesses in the rock was sufficiently eerie for me, even with an experienced guide and powerful electric lamps to light our way, once we were back in those galleries open to visitors. It must have been even more so to Robert Hedges, fleeing from bloody justice after the Monmouth Rebellion, who carved his name and the date (Feb. [sic] 20, 1688) on the lion-shaped mass of stalagmite deep in the cave, giving thereby a basis for calculating the rate of deposition of the stalagmite. The feelings of prehistoric man, with the flickering light of a crude torch to comfort and guide him, and the possibility of a wild beast round the next bend, must have been of some apprehension. To him, the finding of a large skull, larger than those of the beasts he hunted, must have been in such circumstances an object of superstitious awe. Whether he believed in dragons we have no means of knowing, but the cave bear's skull formed the basis of the dragon legend in Europe even up to the eighteenth century. In Germany especially we have numerous so-called dragon caves and dragon-rocks, including the Drachenfels, in the Sieben Gebirge, where Siegfried is supposed to have killed his dragon.

We can blame neither our remote nor our more recent forbears, if they were mystified, for even in the later days of more precise scientific understanding there has been much confusion, of perhaps a different kind, and the truth about the cave bear has been slow to emerge. Many thousands of its bones have been

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

found and many names given to them. Indeed, so much has been written on the subject that it is bewildering to anyone who has not made a special study of it. For the most part, the finds were isolated and the story disconnected, and it needed a nation's misfortune to make it possible finally to piece it together.

During the years 1920 to 1923, when Austria was in such a calamitous state economically, the loss of her cattle from the circumstances of war caused an acute need for other fertilisers. These were found in



MEASURING 16 INS. IN LENGTH: THE SKULL OF A CAVE BEAR, THE FINEST OF MANY TAKEN FROM KENT'S CAVERN, AT TORQUAY—THE CHARACTERISTIC STEEPLY-SLOPING FOREHEAD DISTINGUISHES IT FROM THE PRESENT-DAY BROWN BEAR.

Photograph by Courtesy of Mr. L. W. Powe.

her caves, in the thick deposits of guano laid down by bats over the years. In the course of excavating the guano, bones were found, and these were systematically studied, so that ultimately it was possible to construct a picture not only of the bear as an animal, but of its habits. The first important point to emerge was that there had been confusion on the part of archaeologists and also palæontologists between the remains of cave bears (*Ursus spelæus*) and those of the brown bear (*Ursus arctos*), which replaced it. This was especially so with the cave drawings. The heyday

of the body were heavily massive in contrast to the hind-quarters. This huge animal, which must have been a match for any of its contemporaries, is included among the Carnivora, according to our standards of classification, yet examination suggests that it was vegetarian. The manner in which the molars are worn down point to grass being the staple food, with probably small invertebrates, such as slugs, insects,

grubs, and the like. The canine teeth are split and cracked in a way which no true carnivore could endure and live. Over and above this, many skulls show the diseased jawbones said to be associated with a vegetable diet.

Another very interesting point that only a long series of skeletons in one place could reveal, was the time and manner in which the caves were used. Although called the cave bear, the animal merely used the cave for winter shelter, and there, in January and February, the young were born. Deposits of many bones, like those in the Austrian caves, consist almost entirely of very young and very old skeletons. There

is, therefore, a clear indication of high infant mortality; and coupled with this is the probability that other deaths in the cave were almost exclusively those of old bears, dying during hibernation.

The cave bear flourished more especially in the warm inter-glacial period of the Mid-Pleistocene, its human contemporary being early Neanderthal man. It had few enemies among other wild beasts, because of its size and strength, and its human foes could have been no great source of danger, for they

had only the more primitive of stone weapons. Such bear-killings as took place were almost certainly during the period of hibernation, and were fairly certainly effected by ambushes, in which fire, large stones and probably sticks were used. This much has been pieced together by examination, within the caves themselves, of remains of ashes, claw-marks on the walls, the surfaces of the walls rubbed smooth, and the many small clues of this nature. The absence of natural foes, together with the primitive nature of man's equipment at

that time, left mainly accident and disease as the cause of death. The bones show, in addition to disease of the teeth and jaws, a high percentage of arthritis. The conclusion reached is that the cause of the downfall of the cave bear, as a species, was climatic. The warm inter-glacial period, with long summers and abundant food, favoured the bears. The succeeding glacial period meant long, cold winters with, it is presumed, extended periods of confinement in the caves. At all events, the skeletons show those same diseased conditions of the breastbone and the lumbar vertebrae common in bears kept in confinement in zoos, and it is assumed that this, with the worsening of environmental conditions in general, led to a degeneration from which the species finally succumbed.



THE UNDERSIDE OF A CAVE BEAR'S SKULL FOUND IN KENT'S CAVERN—THE THREE TEETH REMAINING IN THE SKULL WHEN IT WAS EXCAVATED WERE VERY MUCH WORN DOWN, INDICATING THAT IT BELONGED TO AN OLD ANIMAL. CAVE-BEAR REMAINS USUALLY BELONG TO VERY OLD OR VERY YOUNG ANIMALS.

Photograph by Courtesy of Mr. L. W. Powe.



CAVE-BEAR REMAINS FROM THE LAS MONEDAS CAVE NEAR SANTANDER, IN NORTHERN SPAIN: (BACK ROW) CAVE-BEAR JAWBONES WITH THE TERMINAL CANINE—THE LENGTH OF THE JAW ON THE LEFT IS 12 INS.; (CENTRE ROW) FRAGMENTS OF CAVE-BEAR FEMURS; (FRONT ROW) CAVE-BEAR FANGS. This cave was discovered in April, 1952, and a description and further photographs by Dr. Carvallo appear on pages 409, 410, 411 in this issue. The remains date from the Aurignacian period and are therefore about 20,000 years old.

Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of the Prehistoric Museum of Santander.

of the bear was much earlier, during the closing stages of the Lower Palæolithic and the early parts of the Mid-Palæolithic. Most of the drawings were made in the Magdalenian period of the Upper Palæolithic, at a time when the cave bear was no more. But many of them had been looked upon as drawings of cave bears.

The true cave bear was larger than the present-day brown bear. Like the brown bear, it varied a good deal in size, but the largest individuals were larger than the living grizzly or the Kodiak bear. The chief distinguishing feature was, however, to be seen in the profile of the head. In the cave bear, the forehead is more steeply sloped, and the snout proportionately foreshortened to give something of the appearance of a bulldog-mouth. The fore-quarters





THE DEADLIEST OF BATTLES OF 70,000 YEARS AGO: NEANDERTHAL MAN CONFRONTS THE GIGANTIC CAVE BEAR IN THE DARK RECESSES OF A LIGURIAN CAVE—AN ENCOUNTER RECONSTRUCTED FROM RECENTLY-DISCOVERED TRACES.

In our issue of March 1, 1952, we published an article and photographs by Baron A. C. Blanc, telling of discoveries, in the "Witches' Cave" in Liguria, of footprints, hand-prints and other traces of the Neanderthal Man of 70,000 years ago; and in one gallery in particular of a series of clues, which seemed to point in detail to exactly such an encounter as the artist has reconstructed here. On the opposite page Dr. Burton sums up present-day knowledge of that great monster, the Great Cave Bear (*Ursus spelæus*), 11 ft. tall and with canines larger than a lion's, which was primitive man's most dangerous

opponent. It was particularly the contemporary of Neanderthal Man, some 70,000 years ago, but as Dr. Carvalho points out in his article on a newly-discovered cave (on pages 409, 410 and 411), the cave bear survived, at all events in northern Spain, into the Aurignacian age, to an era, that is, of some 20,000 years ago, when Neanderthal Man had been superseded by *Homo sapiens*. As Dr. Burton points out, the Cave Bear spent only the winter months in the caves and consequently, in such battles as that depicted, primitive man had the advantage of meeting an opponent in poor condition and sluggish with hibernation.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Neave Parker.



# IDEAL HOMES DESIGNED FOR THOSE WITH SMALL INCOMES: HOUSES IN THE VILLAGE AT OLYMPIA.



A CENTRE OF ATTRACTION: THE VILLAGE WHERE CONTEMPORARY TYPES OF DWELLINGS ARE SHOWN. ON THE RIGHT IS THE PEOPLE'S HOUSE, 1953.



DESIGNED AS A TYPICAL SOCIAL CENTRE FOR A NEW RESIDENTIAL AREA: THE "CORONATION INN," WHICH IS PRESENTED BY THE BREWERS' SOCIETY. VISITORS ARE WELCOME TO LOOK ROUND INSIDE.



DESIGNED BY THE GOVERNMENT AS IDEAL HOMES FOR THOSE WITH SMALL INCOMES: TWO-STOREY COTTAGE FLATS (LEFT) AND TWO EXAMPLES OF PEOPLE'S HOUSES (RIGHT).



THE FIRST HOUSE IN FOURTEEN YEARS FOR WHICH ORDERS MAY BE BOOKED ON THE SPOT AT THE EXHIBITION: A "DAVIS" HOUSE AT OLYMPIA.



A SWIFTLY-ERECTED HOME OF MANUFACTURED STONE AND FACTORY-MADE PARTS: THE WELL-PLANNED THREE-BEDROOM "UNITY" HOUSE.



AN UP-TO-DATE HOUSE ON A MORE SPACIOUS SCALE: THE "BERG" HOUSE, WHICH HAS THREE BEDROOMS, BUT CAN BE BUILT WITH FOUR.

The thirtieth *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition opened at Olympia on March 3 and will be open every week-day until March 28. This year, as previously, it shows the public, in thousands of exhibits, all that is most newly-discovered, devised or invented for the home. The Ideal Home Exhibition Village is a particular centre of attraction this year for it incorporates small family homes of the kind that may now be built with the knowledge that they will be

automatically licensed. The Village has fourteen shops, an up-to-date inn and six fully-furnished houses. The Ministry of Housing and Local Government presents two People's Houses, one with two bedrooms and the other with three; also two cottage-flats, one furnished and one unfurnished. The ground-floor flat has been furnished by Lady Casson for a family with a boy of fifteen; she has kept the expenditure on furniture for a living-room and two bedrooms down to £500.



# WHERE WINTER IS FORGOTTEN: "IDEAL" GARDENS AT OLYMPIA.



DESIGNED ROUND A FORMAL POOL SET IN A LAWN: A GARDEN WITH A PAVILION BUILT ON CLASSICAL LINES ON A RAISED TERRACE.



SHOWING HOW A SMALL AREA OF GARDEN CAN BE CONVERTED INTO AN ATTRACTIVE, RESTFUL CORNER. ROCKS FORM THE BACKGROUND FOR ALPINE PLANTS.



PAUSING IN THE SUNLIT GARDENS OF MUSIC DURING HER TOUR OF THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: H.M. THE QUEEN (CENTRE), WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (LEFT). THE QUEEN SPENT AN HOUR-AND-A-HALF AT OLYMPIA ON MARCH 2.



PROVIDING A RETREAT AND A WELCOME ESCAPE FROM WINTER: A PEACEFUL CORNER OF ONE OF THE GARDENS OF MUSIC.



BEDDING PLANTS WHICH COMBINE FRAGRANCE, LONG PERIOD OF FLOWERING AND GREAT CHARM: CARNATIONS IN ONE OF THE GARDENS AT OLYMPIA.

The Sunlit Gardens of Music, always a favourite feature of the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition, seem to hold added attraction this year. Here the apparently unending winter is forgotten, for the twelve gardens are full of the sights and scents of spring and summer. There is a mill garden, overhung by willows; two gardens of carnations; and two of roses. The art of tree-sculpture is presented by experts from what is claimed to be the world's only topiary nursery. There are contemporary formal gardens, rock gardens and others. A background

to the gardens is provided by a giant mural painting, some 20 ft. high and 764 ft. long, which is the work of Mr. Ferdinand Bellan. The music in the gardens is provided by eight quintets playing in turn upon an island in a central lake. This year's Ideal Home Exhibition covers twelve acres and provides something of interest for everybody. A special Playland is provided where all children over three and under nine years of age may be safely left to play while their parents explore the Exhibition.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

AS I have said before, the novels we look forward to are the worst off. They have no vantage of surprise; they are uniquely capable of disappointing. Indeed, they grow pre-charged with disappointment, so that in time one, as it were, looks forward with a sinking heart. In such a case, what may be called the reasonable virtues—wit, shrewdness, plausibility, and even sympathetic feeling—heighten the sense of lack. They are so good up to a point—but what are they in aid of? What is the point of the whole novel?

I will now frankly own that all this is about Margaret Kennedy. And I have put it so, because "Troy Chimneys" (Macmillan; 11s. 6d.) is the reverse of an example. Here, suddenly, this brilliant and attractive, always-looked-forward-to, yet faintly disappointing writer has done the rarest thing of all: furnished a near-impossible surprise, in an unquestionable shape. "Troy Chimneys" is a novel of the Regency. It is dense, organised, ingenious in the last degree—and yet without a shadow of constriction. The author's wit, and all her reasonable merits have the fullest scope; but here the product is an entity.

The background is historical in two degrees: the story has a double thread. After Miles Lufton's death his papers have fetched up in Ireland, whence they return to light in a Victorian, family perspective. All date from the same year: the spring when Miles, after a check to his career, a sentimental death-blow and a bad spill in the hunting field, creeps back to earth and convalescence in his father's parsonage, the ruined Eden of his boyhood. In these now dismal haunts, he keeps a journal. And then he starts a memoir of his buried life: of that first Miles, the feeling and romantic youth, who has become a mask for "Pronto" the M.P.—Pronto the ladies' man, the guest in fashionable houses, the eternal climber. Pronto was born at Winchester, where Miles the parson's son got his first snub, and reared on an unhappy love-affair and an exalted friendship. Little Lord Chalfont is a sport, a freak, a crazy devotee of art; but Chalfont's mother was a politician. And she was Pronto's godmother in *arrivisme*. She taught him the way up, and he has never paused, though Miles has frequently revolted. But these were puerile starts. Miles had no sense, no knowledge of the world—perhaps he was not really trying. And he is gone for good; while doubtless Pronto of the hated nickname will arise and shine.

Perhaps I thought too highly of this book. Not of its luminous dexterity, its perfect idiom, or its amazing portrait of the age—those are beyond all cavil—but of its quality and fascination. Others may take a cooler view. But I kept glancing to the end, wishing it further off—which is a rare phenomenon indeed.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Winged Horse," by Pamela Frankau (Heinemann; 15s.), fails of this total grip; its charm is incidental, but profuse.

It may be called a study in sincerity. The Press lord, J. G. Baron, is a gigantic phony—a little, bullying tycoon, casting a fearful shadow on his world, and hiding desperately from his own soul. Levitt, whom he has just "bought" in New York, is a young phony on the climb; a brilliantly malevolent cartoonist, and neurotic liar. But he is also capable of love. England has charmed him from a safe career; and on the way across, Baron's eldest daughter charms him to a burst of truth. He thinks they have begun a love-affair, and that his first week-end at Carlington, "Ould Maister's" country seat, will be the moment to continue. But Celia wants no more; she knows his type, and has good reason to reject it. As a result, he starts by loathing the whole family—the airy, arrogant young son, Liz, the romantic child, and their adopted brother from next door—Carey, the honest man, the imperturbable and golden. But this black rage is a disguise of love, and at a single word it is transmuted. He, too, becomes a member of the group, almost a rival Carey; and, in a way, closer to Liz, since he, too, is afraid of Baron, and Carey doesn't see the need.

But he is soon to learn. When they first met, Levitt was fortunate and Carey truthful. At parting they change sides; Levitt is shorn of hope, and Carey forfeits his integrity. They are to meet once more; and once again each proves a catalytic agent.

All the young Barons have a poetic charm. The talk, though mannered, is enchanting, but the backbone is weak. "Sudden Glory," by C. R. Sumner (Macdonald; 10s. 6d.), is a complete success, and also thoroughly appealing; though in a modest and familiar vein.

In 1879, Rhoda Lee Dalton is fifteen—a leggy, promising young dreamer, aiming at universal knowledge, a strict immunity from passion (see what it does to the grown-ups) and a career unique in Mississippi. Its character at first is vague. Then she decides on medicine, partly for swank, partly to ease a burden on her mind—and partly, too, because "that Collins boy" says that a woman doctor is a freak. Jake Collins is her earliest admirer; but he is just a country lout who grew up in a stable, while Rhoda's family are the new poor. How would Jake do in Abalony—in its remembered halls? And he is terribly provoking; and, anyhow, he has no glamour. If she could entertain the passions, André, the dark, romantic stranger, is her only choice. . . .

Now you may guess the end. Rhoda and Jake are old friends in a new disguise, but they are wholly lovable and winning. So is their little corner of the globe. Indeed, for "niceness," sympathy and fun this story would be hard to beat.

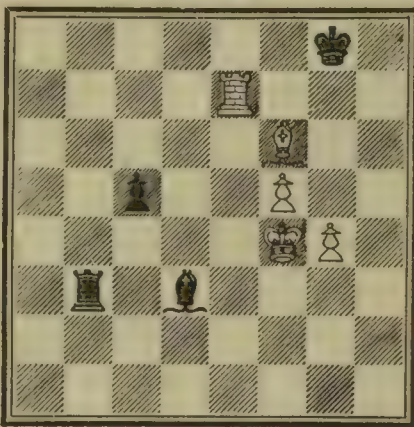
"By Registered Post," by John Rhode (Geoffrey Bles; 10s. 6d.), is not quite up to standard. Somehow, industrial tycoons make rather stolid corpses. This one, whose name is Horningtoft, has an Achilles heel—a penchant for rheumatic cures. He will try anything whatever, and the addiction culminates in a strong dose of prussic acid. Murder is instantly surmised, and the whole family suspected; for they were all at hand, and all under an iron heel. On these lines, Superintendent Waghorn presently winds up the case; then Dr. Priestley, with his wonted acumen and rudeness, tears it apart and sends him off on a new trail. Although the puzzle is good, solid work, the plot is broken-backed; and it is sadly wanting in amusingness or human interest.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE is an end-game position reached in a county championship game recently. I regard the detailed analysis of such positions as the very essence of chess; if you don't, please tell me!

BLACK.



WHITE, to play.

The outcome of 5½ hours' tough struggle: White has a rook confining Black's king to the back rank, an aggressive king, more advanced, and "united passed," pawns and (of course all-important) is a pawn up. An easy win?

If White relaxes prematurely for a moment, thinking his task accomplished, and plays the wholly natural move, 1. P-Kt5, the win evaporates like snow upon the desert's dusty face: 1. . . . R-Kt5ch; 2. K-K5 (if the king retreats instead, then 2. . . . B×P draws), R-K5ch; 3. K-Q5 or K-Q6 and by 3. . . . R×R; 4. B (or K) × K, B×P Black draws.

Suppose White moves 1. K-Kt5 instead. This threatens 2. K-Kt6 and either, quietly, 3. P-Kt5 or such a move as 3. R-Q7 followed by 4. R-Q8 mate, against which 3. . . . R-Kt1 would be no defence because of 4. R-Kt7ch, K-Br; 5. R-KR7.

The obvious counter to 1. K-Kt5 is 1. . . . R-Kt5. Dare White now go 2. K-Kt6 . . . ? Let us try it: 2. K-Kt6, R×Pch; 3. B-Kt5 (threatening mate by 4. R-K8), K-Br; 4. R-Q7 (threatening both R×B and R-Q8 mate but, rather amazingly, Black has a choice of replies), B-Kt4; 5. R-Q8ch, B-Krch; 6. K-B6 and there being no resource against the threat of 7. B-R6ch, White wins.

So that that answer on move 4 was inadequate. What about 4. . . . R-Q5 . . . ? That can be answered by 5. R-QB7, which would be useless if Black could play 5. . . . R-Qx, but ("Lucky!") mutters White) White's bishop is watching that square. Rather desperately, Black might try 5. . . . R-Q3ch; White's pawn being pinned, he is virtually forced to interpose with his bishop (6. B-B6). Still mate is threatened, so Black has now no option, and must go 6. . . . B-Kt4; but on R-Q8ch, B-Krch; 8. K-Kt4, R-B3 it is suddenly good-bye to any win.

So that White dare not answer 1. . . . R-Kt5 by 2. K-Kt6 (quite apart from the fact that Black may profitably defer the capture of the knight's pawn or, after capturing it, give away his bishop for the last remaining white pawn, as to win with a bare rook and bishop against a rook is always excessively troublesome and in many positions impossible). White therefore considers alternative second moves such as 2. B-K5 ("Oh, dear, that allows 2. . . . B-K7! . . . but can I then go 3. P-B6 . . . ?")

At which stage White suddenly realises that it is 2 a.m. and the fire is out, or that he has travelled six or seven stations beyond his intended destination. Such is chess!

have to accept the spelling—no doubt perfectly correct—of his Christian name as "Aelbert").

Finally, I have two books on ceramics, "Italian Maiolica," by Bernard Rackham (Faber and Faber; 30s.), and "The Portland Vase and the Wedgwood Copies," by Wolf Mankowitz (André Deutsch; 30s.). Delicate and lovely as are the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century examples of Italian tin-glazed pottery, I am grateful to Mr. Rackham for having given us reproductions of so much of the earliest maiolica work, for the quality of some of the fifteenth-century pieces is incomparable.

When, on February 7, 1845, a regrettably intemperate Irishman called William Lloyd picked up a stone "curiosity in sculpture" and smashed the Portland Vase, the Society of Antiquaries was much displeased, and one of its Fellows wrote to *The Times* demanding that Lloyd should be flogged. After reading Mr. Mankowitz's fascinating account of this enigmatic, but matchless, piece of cameo-glass, I am really inclined—though Parliament will tell me I am wrong—to agree with him.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## BEAUTY IN PRINT AND PICTURE.

FINE printing, binding and illustration were amongst the earliest casualties of the war. Long before the dismal era of snook, Algerian wine and sub-counter cigarettes of unknown origin and unreassuring appearance, we had lost our boards, our cloth, our art reproductions and our line blocks. Margins disappeared, and type shrank to a uniform, single-spaced "diamond." Paper lost its texture and acquired the unappetising greyish hue of wartime bread. But if we are now tempted to feel that all our pre-war standards of quality have vanished never to return, we may take heart when we consider fine book-production.

I have before me as magnificent a collection of art books as anyone could wish to see. There are, first of all, two examples of the work of the Phaidon Press, which deserves all the praise we can bestow upon it for the consistency of its craftsmanship and for the prodigality of its output. They are "Fra Angelico," with an introduction by John Pope-Hennessy (3½ gns.), and "Rembrandt," introduced by the late Professor Tancred Borenius (42s.). Besides the illustrations, half the merit of these works lies, for an amateur like myself, in the fact that these two art experts are writers of distinguished and fluent prose. I therefore find myself reading their accounts of the two master-painters with considerable enjoyment, as well as with profit.

Fra Angelico has always been a favourite of mine. But I find that I need not start congratulating myself upon the rare sensibility of my artistic perception, because Mr. Pope-Hennessy tells me that "the 500 years that have elapsed since the death of Fra Angelico have produced no artist with so universal an appeal." And, quoting some of the greatest examples of his work, such as the San Marco frescoes, he continues: "Eschewing the personal mysticism, the private idiom of other great religious artists, they reflect the serenity, the discipline, the anonymity of communal religious life. In the case of Fra Angelico, more truly than in that of any other painter, the artist and the man are one. His paintings are informed with a tenderness, indeed affection, that gives tangible expression to the mystical virtue of charity, are undisturbed by profane interests and untinged by doubt. . . . For all the translucent surface of his paintings, for all his rapturous pleasure in the natural world, there lay concealed, within Angelico's artistic personality, a Puritan faithful to his own intransigent ideal of reformed religious art." Mr. Pope-Hennessy's prose has something of the clear light and colour of Angelico's painting.

Dr. Borenius's style is as different as Rembrandt is from the Italian master. Here, as a contrast, is his racy little pen-portrait of the Dutchman: "Of Rembrandt as a man, the history of his life and the accounts of people who knew him allow us to form a pretty clear idea. There is ample evidence of his wholehearted devotion to his art, and of his power of inspiring affection; also of a somewhat naive inclination towards extravagance and display, and of a certain spirit of ostentation. . . . Also while we hear of his generosity in placing at the disposal of other artists such of his innumerable paraphernalia—draperies, arms, etc.—as they may have required, it must be admitted that in certain incidents of his personal life he cuts quite definitely a poor figure. Great as he was as an artist, he was by no means flawless as a character; but then it is very rarely that moralists can draw any very comforting conclusions from the personal aspects of art history."

The illustrations in both books are superb. Those in "Fra Angelico" are richer and more detailed, as one might expect from the difference in price. If I may venture a criticism, I would say that while the colour-tones are most faithfully reproduced, there is a certain loss of brilliance, especially in the Italian pictures. (But am I wise to advance even this single half-pace on to the expert's Tom Tiddler's ground?)

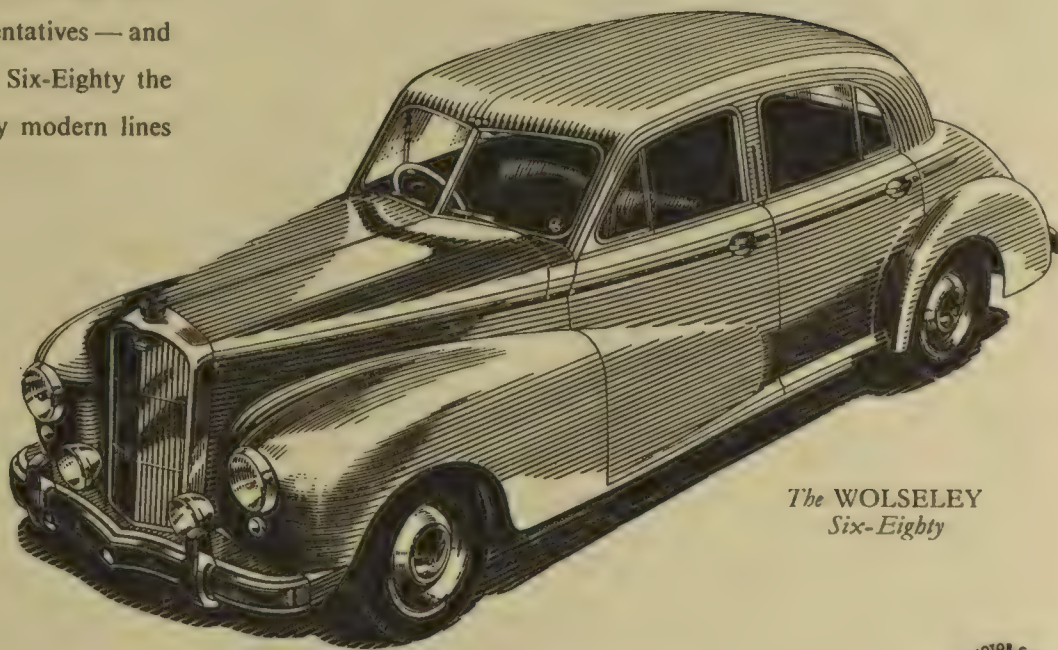
Very much in the same style and lavish scale of production as the Phaidon books is "Art Treasures of the Louvre," by Rene Huyghe (Thames and Hudson; 4 gns.). Stepping briskly forward another half-pace—provided that nobody is looking—I suggest that these colour-plates are, for the most part, nearer to the quality of such of the originals as I can remember—possibly because of the exceptional facilities enjoyed by the publishers, who have been allowed by the Louvre authorities to remove the pictures to a special studio in order to photograph them in the best possible light. It is, I understand, the first and last time that such permission will be granted. What a pity! The results well justify the trouble and risk involved.

Rembrandt—he is very much in the news at the moment—also takes an honoured place, of course, in "The Dutch Masters," by Horace Shipp (George Newnes; 25s.). This is the kind of book which suits me very well, because it gives pleasant little biographies of the principal artists, and sets them against their historical background, showing just why a taste for a certain subject or a certain style grew up in a given period. Some of these illustrations—I am nearly touching Tom Tiddler now—seem to me almost as good as those in the three nobler volumes. (I like to think that I know how to pronounce "Cuyp," but my confidence is shaken if I



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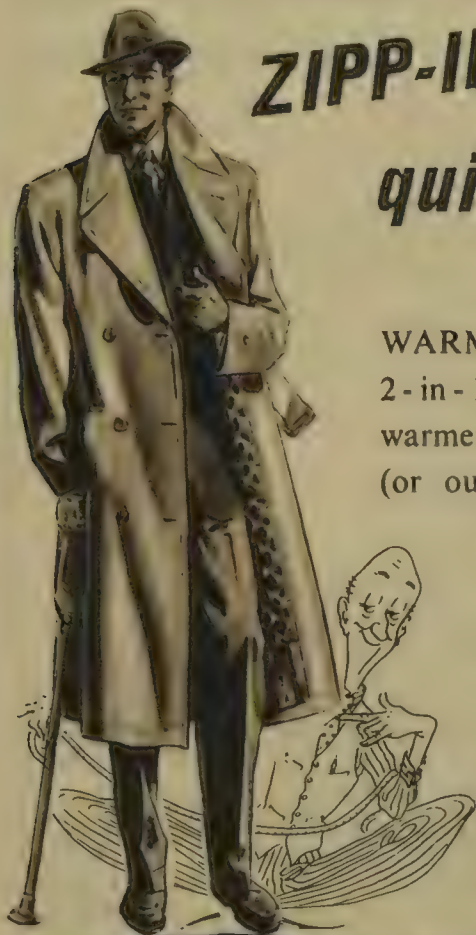
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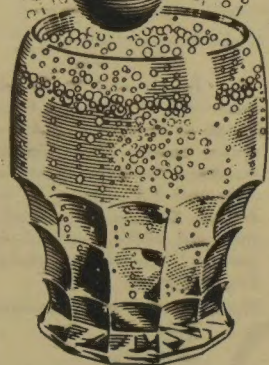
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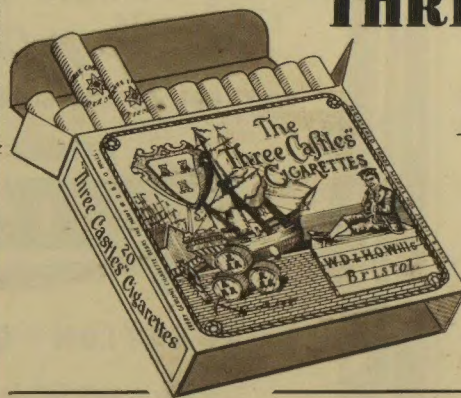


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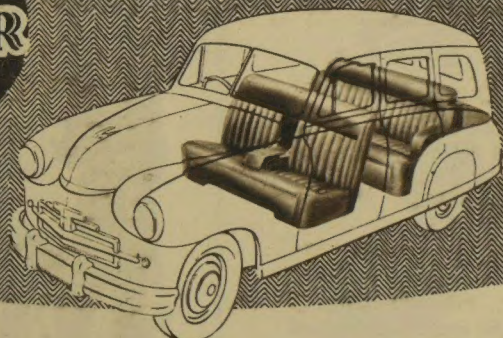


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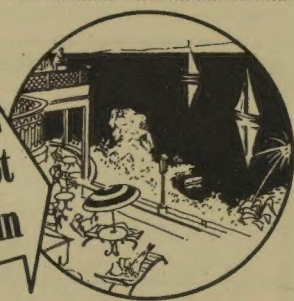
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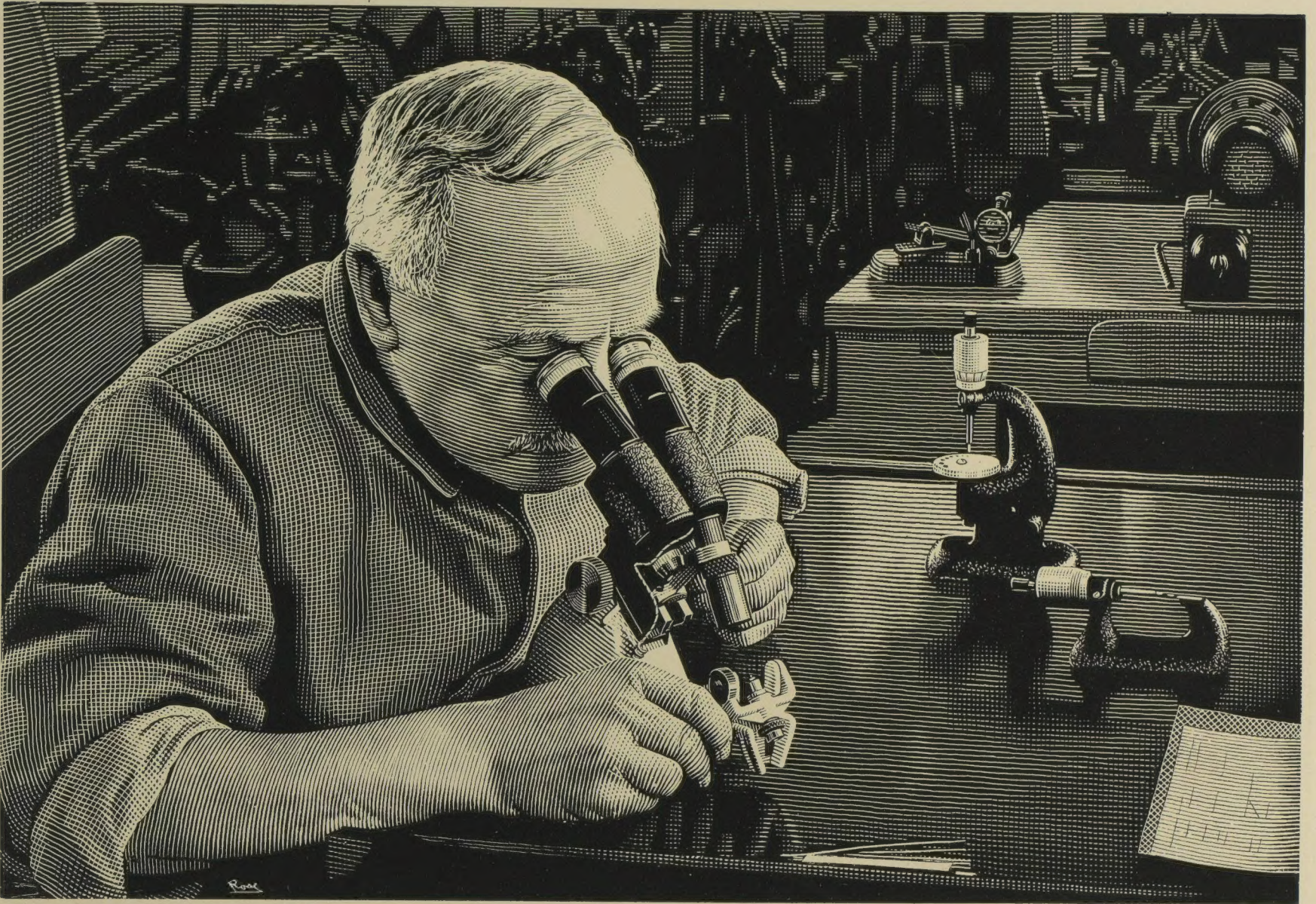
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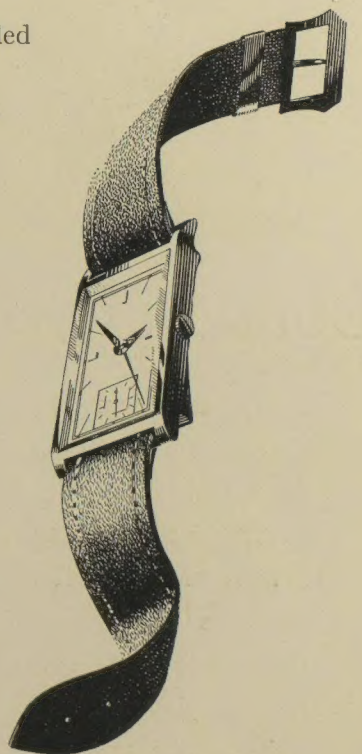
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